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The Rock 'N Roll Express, The Viking and The Shepherders, Jimmy Garvin, Precious, and Steve Regal, Abdullah The Butcher and Jimmy Valiant, Two Bloody Russians, Boris Zuchoff and Sgt. Slaughter, Larry Zbyszko and More!

**CHAMPIONSHIP**

# WRESTLING

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**The Last  
American Hero—  
Sgt. Slaughter**





# CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

Volume 3 Number 1 May 1986



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Editor

**Craig Backel**  
Art Director

**Paul Wheeler**  
**Joe Lalaina**  
Copy Editors

**James Allocca**  
Cover Design

**Roy Mosny**  
Production Director

**Harris Honickman**  
Circulation Director

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### **26 SGT. SLAUGHTER: HIS RISE AND FALL**

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Yesterday's world champion has recaptured a title he never really lost. Without a doubt, Backlund is wrestling's true living legend.

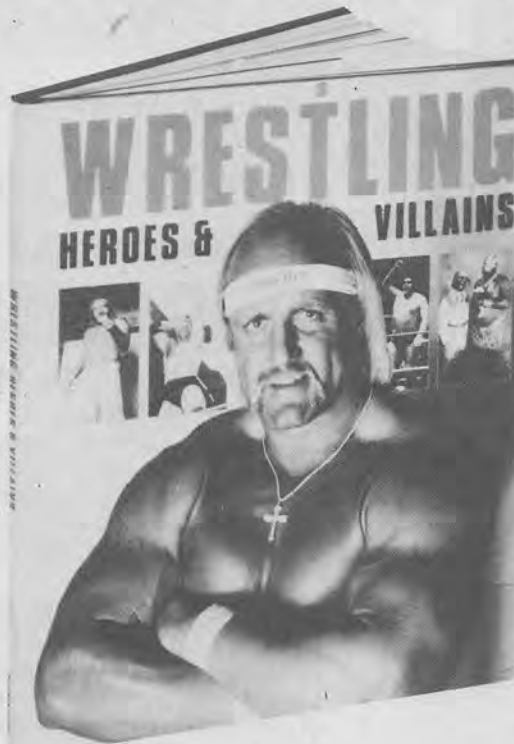
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# Championship Wrestling's Official Ratings

## Champions

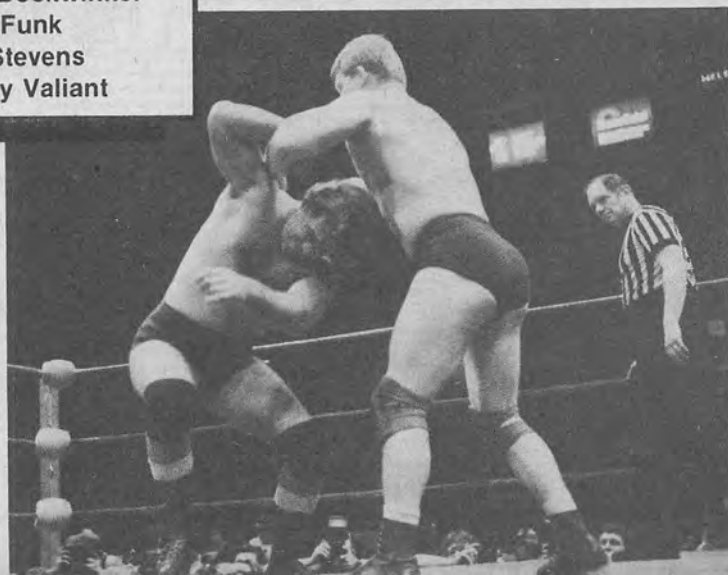
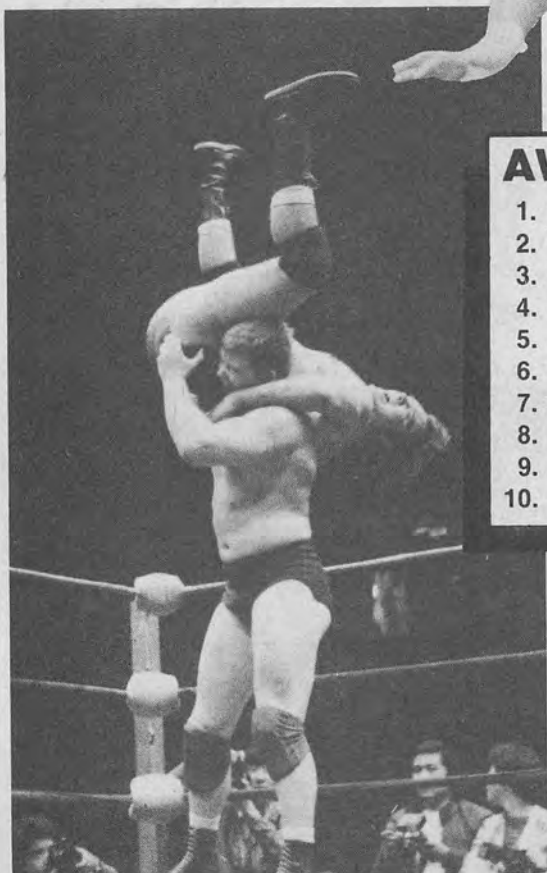
Hulk Hogan—WWF  
Rick Martel—AWA  
Ric Flair—NWA  
Sgt. Slaughter—America's  
Tito Santana—Intercontinental

## WWF—Top Ten

- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Hulk Hogan    | 6. Terry Funk      |
| 2. Randy Savage  | 7. Don Muraco      |
| 3. John Studd    | 8. Greg Valentine  |
| 4. Paul Orndorff | 9. Brutus Beefcake |
| 5. Jesse Ventura | 10. The Iron Sheik |

## AWA—Top Ten

- |                      |
|----------------------|
| 1. Rick Martel       |
| 2. Bob Backlund      |
| 3. Larry Zbyszko     |
| 4. Kamala            |
| 5. Jimmy Garvin      |
| 6. Baron Von Raschke |
| 7. Nick Bockwinkel   |
| 8. Dory Funk         |
| 9. Ray Stevens       |
| 10. Jimmy Valiant    |





## Most Popular

Andre The Giant  
Tito Santana  
Hulk Hogan  
Junkyard Dog  
Sgt. Slaughter

## NWA—Tag Teams

1. Rock 'N Roll Express
2. Road Warriors
3. Dusty Rhodes-Magnum TA
4. Ivan & Nikita Koloff
5. The Andersen Brothers



## AWA—Tag Teams

1. Jimmy Garvin-Steve Regal
2. Road Warriors
3. The Fabulous Freebirds
4. Long Riders
5. New Wild Samoans

## NWA-Top Ten

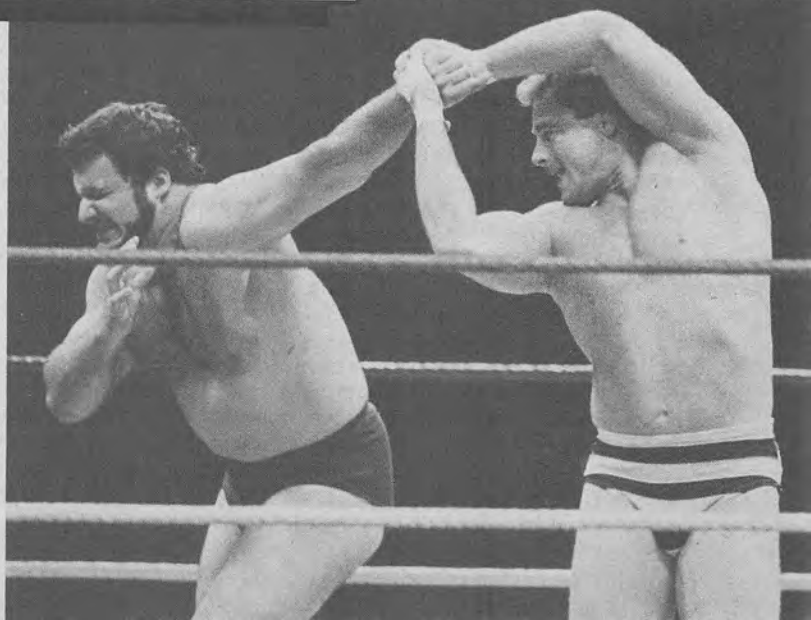
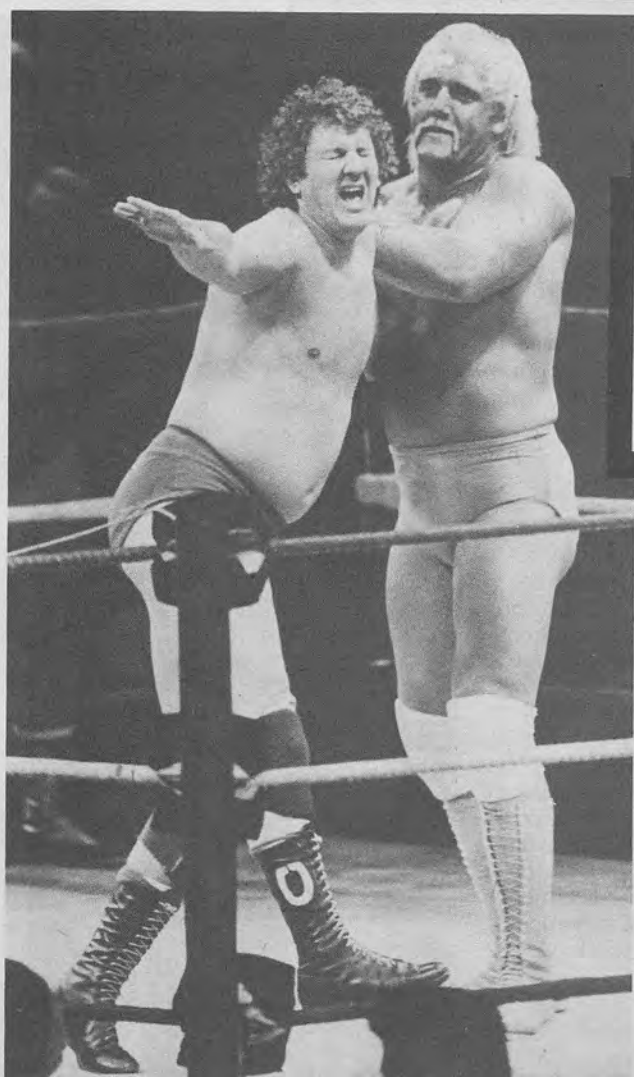
- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Ric Flair       | 6. Harley Race      |
| 2. Dusty Rhodes    | 7. Krusher Khrushev |
| 3. Ricky Steamboat | 8. Terry Allen      |
| 4. Sgt. Slaughter  | 9. Jimmy Valiant    |
| 5. Ivan Koloff     | 10. Wahoo McDaniel  |

## WWF—Tag Teams

1. Greg Valentine-Brutus Beefcake
2. Killer Bees
3. Hart Foundation
4. Nikoli Volkoff-Iron Sheik
5. British Bulldogs

## Most Hated

Bobby Heenan  
Ric Flair  
Roddy Piper  
Jesse Ventura  
Brutus Beefcake





# Championship Wrestling's AROUND THE MAT

By Virginia 'Ginger Snaps' Bowes



Superfly Snuka to leave WWF?

## A.W.A....N.W.A....W.W.F.

...In other, ordinary days gone by, we'd open this column with a report to you on what's happening in one or the other of the above, all of which are rightfully regarded as the prevailing powers within our sport.

However, because these times are anything but ordinary—in fact, "extraordinary" is the one word doing justice to all that continues to go down—let's start out by giving the word on what has to be the most amazing phenomenon rising out of this indisputably amazing age of ours: Independent wrestling has come into its own.

So called because they owe allegiance to neither of the afore named fat cat organizations, the independents were, until just recently, looked upon as the gamy armpit of wrestling in that whatever they won in being the whoop-de-do free spirits of the sport was more than lost beneath the mess created when penny ante amateurs insist upon trying to make a go of what they can't begin to understand.

With the notable exceptions of cards presented by Tito Torres up North, Lia Maivā in Hawaii and just maybe one or two others in between, it seems like only the other day when sitting through such shindigs were dismal, seemingly endless affairs wherein the spectator was offered the cheerless prospect of viewing a dozen or so mentally malformed and sweating youths tripping over each other's torn tennis shoes while the "main event" would feature a duo of has-beens who never really were—patent cases of the blind leading the blind—and about as welcome to the knowledgeable mat fan as getting hit square in the old gut with an especially yucky case of the galloping trots.

**All the latest happenings in professional wrestling—with updates from the WWF, NWA, AWA as well as an in-depth report on the upstart Independents.**

We are so happy to report how all that's now changed—Has it ever!—and the independents currently lay claim to the hottest action to be had.

As you know (or should know), the class of a promotion is decided by not only the caliber of the company it keeps—that is, the wrestlers on its rosters—but by how well this complement of talent is used. (Is everyone listening?)

Since the two top non-allied operations, namely the International World Wrestling Association and the Trans World Wrestling Foundation, boast whole galaxies of spectacular super stars who are booked into cards where the abilities of each and every wrestler are explored to their zenith in regular bouts as well as in those special events we all enjoy so much—caged confrontations, battle royals and so on (which, we must add, are carried off quietly and professionally, thereby sidestepping the hysterical over-hype with which just about all of the big promotions are known to afflict these things until you think you're watching some sort of grand opera)—it's come to where, match by match and dollar for dollar, purchasing a ticket to an independent show is the very best value around.

Even so, perhaps partly because of the bad rep they held for so long, but





**Capt. Lou to introduce a new face?**



**A new song from Roddy Piper?**



**Did Kamala finish Sgt. Slaughter?**

due mostly to the widely known fact that at least one or two members of many an athletic commission are in the hip pocket of whatever major wrestling monopoly does business in that state, these non-affiliates are all too often illegally excluded from bringing their illustrious wares into a great number of neighborhoods all across our nation. Because we all know what a single rotten apple can do to a whole barrelful it's easy to see how a couple of stinkers, willing to go belly-up for a few bucks thrown them by a greedy promoter who wants his to remain the only show in town, can bring dishonor upon an otherwise irreproachable governing board, perverting and ultimately destroying the very reason for its existence.

For a group of wrestlers to perform in 'most any place, they must be sponsored by a duly licensed promoter. What with hiring the hall, printing posters and tickets, footing the bill for wrestlers' transportation and hotels, as well as the thousand and one o'her miscellany attached to such endeavors, we're talking mighty big bucks here, and it's no surprise at all that very, very few promoters are willing or even able to bankroll these efforts—not when the show will more than likely be cancelled by on bought bureaucrat or another over some trumped-up infraction of a "rule" that was never on the books in the first place but dreamed-up for the occasion by those who are paid off to kill competition at its root.

Yet, there does exist one person with

all the determination and courage needed to do right by wrestling as well as the thousands of fans who've been attending his cards for so many years.

His name is Tommy Dee.

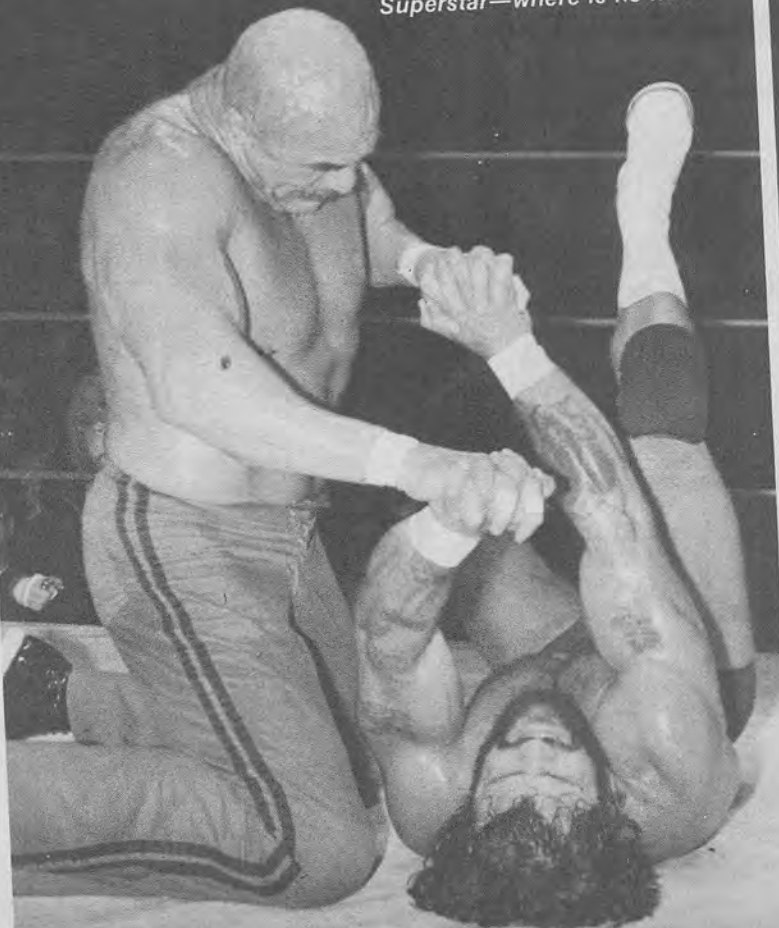
Tommy, who continues to grace his arenas with top talent hailing from the N.W.A. and A.W.A., recently hosted the newly founded Trans World Wrestling Federation on its opening tour.

These events, on which were headlined The Wild Samoans, Dr. D. David Shultz, Jules Strongbow, and The Tonga Kid, were pure perfection as well as a great deal of fun.

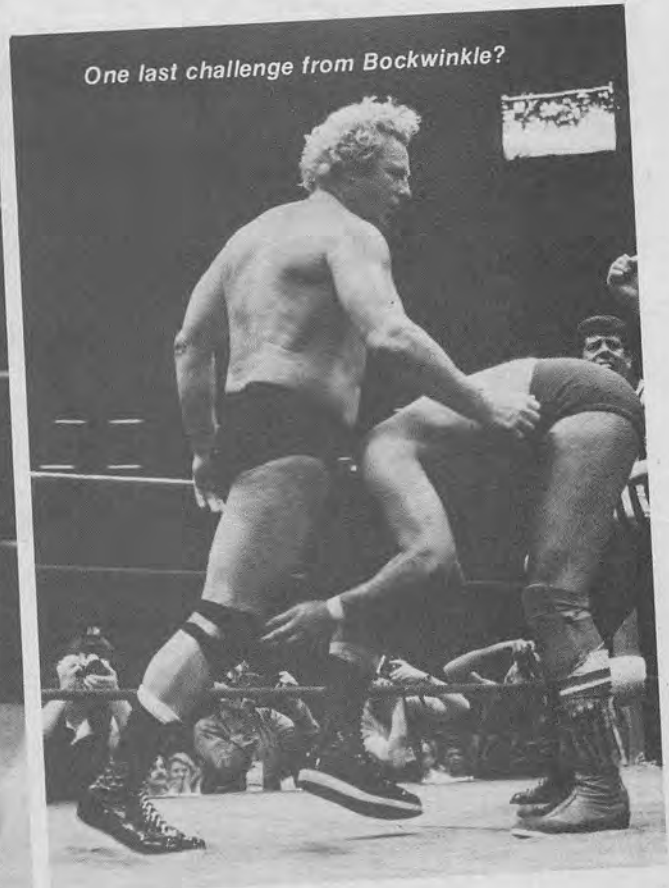
### **Doctor Death**

Shultz, who took a quick trip into infamy and another trip right out of the door of the W.W.F. when he bounced

**Superstar—where is he now?**



**One last challenge from Bockwinkle?**





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investigative reporter John Stossel off the floors of Madison Square Garden's dressing rooms, came away from the whole episode smelling like a rose. Abandoning his sloppy swagger, the evil doctor has sleeked down and brought his skills to a fine-honed ferocity that makes him one of the greatest bad guys currently in business.

### **The New Wild Samoans**

The Samoans have also forsaken old habits. Long tired of being exploited by fast-talking managers who hoodwinked them into nefarious deeds and out of just about every last penny they earned, Afa and Sika finally sought refuge with the T.W.W.F. where they are permitted to be the gentle men and supremely talented scientific wrestlers they are. Afa's face-offs with Shultz are stupendous.

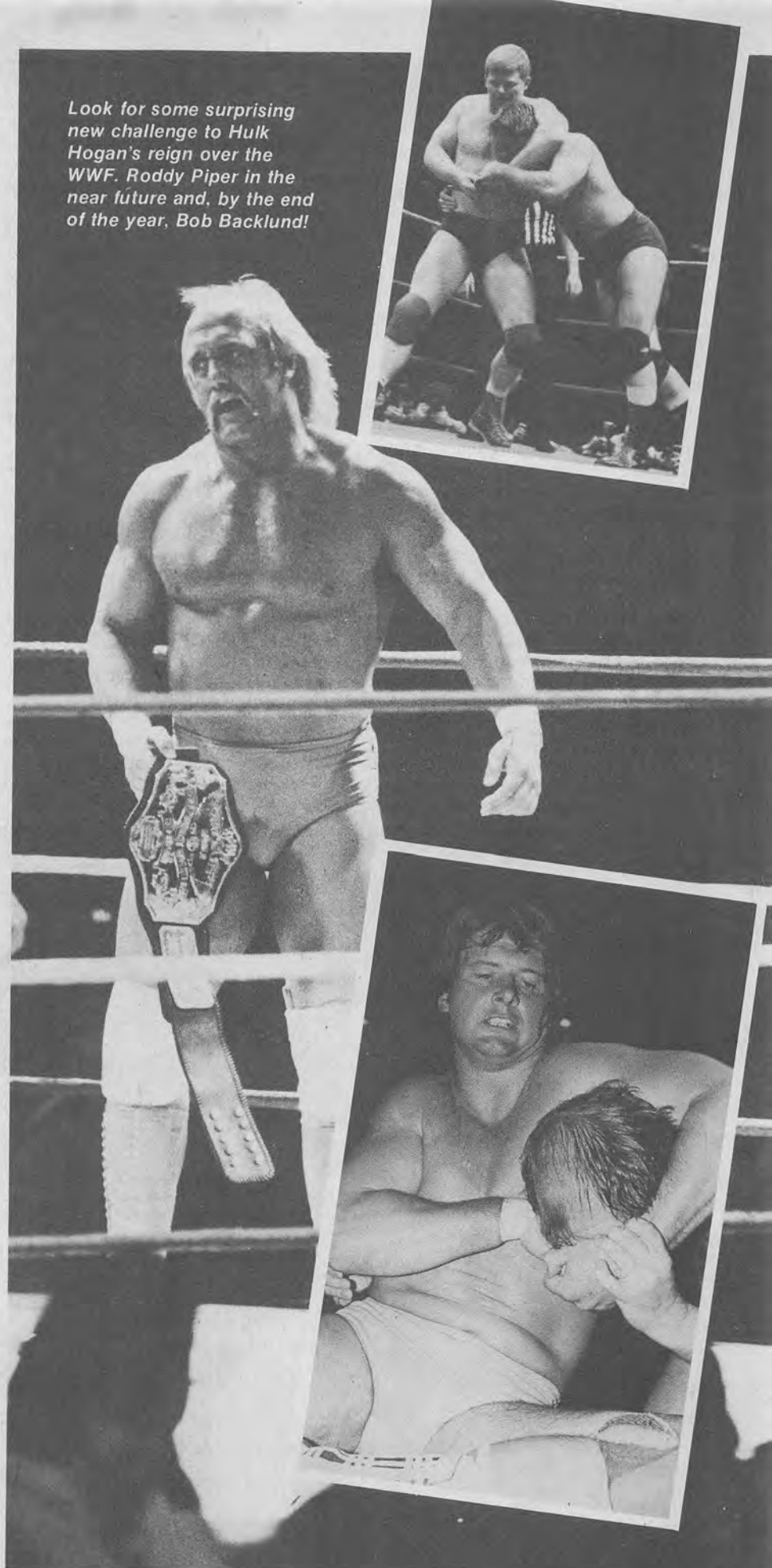
### **Jules Strongbow**

Then there's the injin whose worth as a multi-gifted grappler was too long lost beneath the overwhelming legend surrounding his older brother, Jay. In finally taking leave of the fraternal nest and winging it alone, Jules Strongbow has uncovered in himself a man possessed of such mightily superior skills that he's more than up to becoming a legend in his own right. What must be especially admired about Jules is that he has risen above the rest of the herd who, to a man, play the part of the dumb but lovable redskin. Young Strongbow, whose head is much more than a place on which to hang feathers, is educated, intelligent—probably too much to suit those who prefer their minorities humble—and one of the most articulate spokespersons the American Indian has. Hotly refusing to exploit the desperate plight of his people any more than has already been done by others just for the sake of wheedling his way into the hearts of the folks sitting in the grandstands, the big brave insists that his popularity be the product of his merit in the ring rather than any artful brown-nosing. Right on, Jules.

While grateful to the T.W.W.F. for giving those like Shultz, Strongbow and The Samoans a place in which to shed old images and try for new, vastly brighter horizons, we're still all pretty much aware that each of these men has already cut his notch in the lore of the ring so that, while we applaud their more colossal feats, we are never really bowled over with surprise by anything these illustrious gods of the grunt and groan scene now do.

In truth, a far more powerful reason

*Look for some surprising new challenge to Hulk Hogan's reign over the WWF. Roddy Piper in the near future and, by the end of the year, Bob Backlund!*





for the earnest mat mavin to check out the T.W.W.F. and the I.W.W.A. is that here is where competitors are matched up more equitably so that those who were constantly underrated in other promotions are given opponents of roughly similar experience and size, thereby permitting each wrestler a fair chance at soaring just as high as his abilities will allow. There are no "bums" in either of these organizations: A wrestler must be able to cut it with his equals, or he doesn't work. The results are often stupefying as you find yourself being blown away by men you before considered mediocre at best. At several recent T.W.W.F. cards we took in the likes of Samoan #3 whose name is Samu, and then there were Johnny Rodz, Larry Winters and Ray Apollo, each of whom, in his own way, is outstanding and astounding.

### **Butch Cassidy & The Haiti Kid**

Also with Trans World are those shorter but infinitely more agile masters of the mat, Butch Cassidy and The Haiti Kid. If midget wrestlers had their own championship title—And why don't they?—that belt would long be worn by either Butch or Haiti.

Like Jules Strongbow, both spurn the winsome and cutesy gimmicks employed by their colleagues but enter

each match with all the dignity befitting the serious young men and magnificently gifted grapplers they are.

### **Like Snuka, Steamboat & Muraco**

Another plus for T.W.W.F. is that the promotion serves as a showcase for the cream of the latest crop of Polynesian wrestlers. In the best tradition of Snuka, Steamboat and Muraco, these island boys celebrate the proud heritage that is theirs with exhibitions of indomitable courage, incredible mastery of the roughest maneuvers known to wrestling and acrobatic finesse enough to knock the socks right off your hoofies.

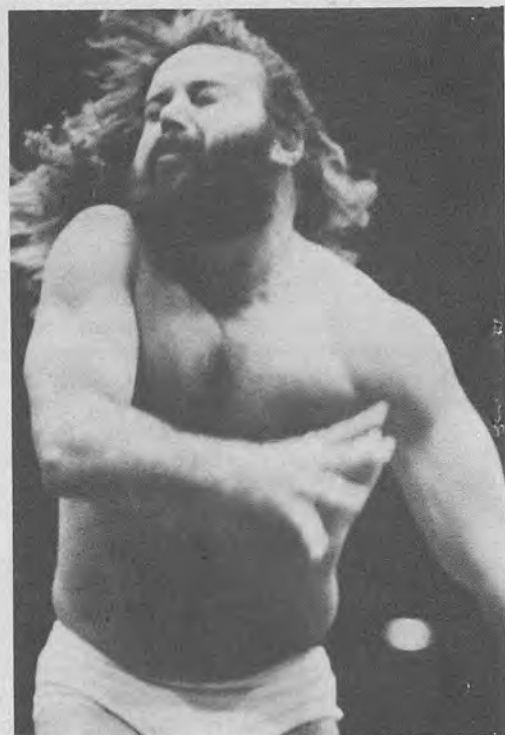
### **The Great Kokino**

Reminding us so much of Seka when he was one of the two baddest s.o.b.'s on earth, The Great Kokino is a huge, armored truck of a boy with all the brash savagery and startling agility of no less than The Superfly himself before he turned clean.

### **Tonga Kid II**

Also in on the festivities are The Tonga Kids I and II. Those who've had the privilege of seeing the original Tonga in action will have their whole

day made when told that Tonga II not only looks exactly like his brother but wrestles just like him as well...and there can be no higher compliment.



**Andre and Hogan are on the best of terms for now—The Hulk better hope The Giant stays occupied with Heenan & Co.**



Rick Martel didn't have much trouble with Jimmy Garvin, nor with any other would-be challenger for that matter.

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—PLAYBOY

### Bob Backlund

We very much look forward to the next edition of **AROUND THE MAT** in which we will bring you a full report on the other top independent promotion—the International World Wrestling Association—which is currently holding court all over our country...or at least wherever the commissions will permit. Until then, keep in mind that while the heart of a wrestling organization is the wrestlers it presents, the Champ is its soul. With Bob Backlund serving as the I.W.W.A.'s Heavyweight Champion, you know that there is something very special indeed.

Incidentally, in another part of this magazine, you'll find what we would like to think of as a somewhat unusual and thoroughly interesting story on Bobby.

But, first, let's talk about everything else that's been happening around the mat.

### Rick Martel

**The American Wrestling Association:** Still the organization's Champion—and if ever a man deserved to be called "Champ," he is young Mr. Martel—Rick continues to defend his title with a class and ardor which allow him to rise far above the chaos of his environment and have come to typify this natural-born Champion's entire reign.



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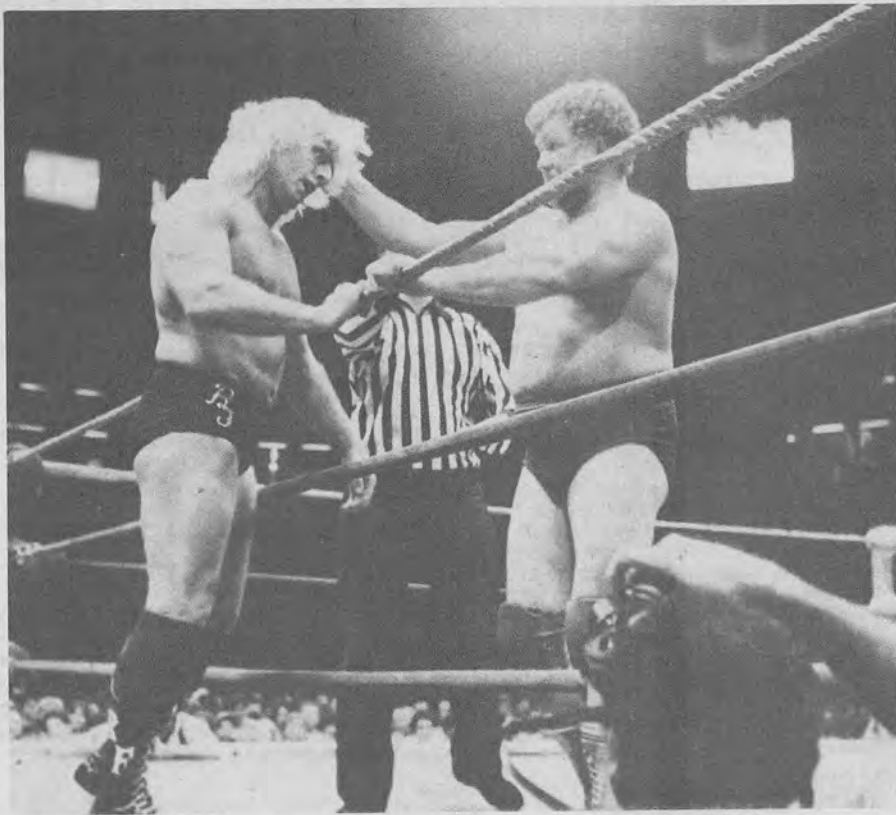
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**Look for Harley Race to be in the corner of Ric Flair's next challenger and don't be surprised at the outcome.**

Hanging tough in the face of mighty challenges coming from the quarters of topnotch contenders like Stan "The Lariat" Hansen, Jimmy Garvin, Steve Regal, Larry Zbyszko, the entire gang hailing from romantic Moscow, as well as all those visitors from the N.W.A.—in whose number is found the unsinkable Ric Flair—who've recently taken to calling on the promotion, Martel certainly has things well in control.

Defying supreme efforts from such formidable forces as Kurt Hennig, Jerry O (who has a way to go, but still impresses us so much), Baron Von Raschke, and A.W.A. Wrestler Of The Year Tom Zenk, Steve Regal maintains his malefic grip on the Junior Heavyweight belt.

### **Tag Team Showdown**

And still this bad guy's plot to take over the organization thickens. Proving herself to be much more than just another pretty face and mere valet to The Gorgeous One, Jim Garvin's very own Precious approached Regal and prevailed upon him to go into partnership with her main man. Giving it their very best shot, the two made theirs into the roughest and dirtiest team throughout the industry and further feathered their nests with promised support from

a few friends. Only then did Garvin and Regal put in their bid for a go at the tag title held by Paul Ellering's crudely brilliant Legion of Doom who are also known as The Road Warriors, Animal and Hawk.

### **Friendly Freebirds**

That memorable bout saw each of these masters of mayhem holding his

own and matching, point for point, the Herculean efforts of his opponent, when who should slither ringside but the challengers' new found friends, Freebirds Michael Hayes and Buddy Roberts, who proceeded to beat the pants off Ellering. Since things like loyalty are in short supply over in the badlands of wrestling, spectators were stunned when Hawk hesitated not at all



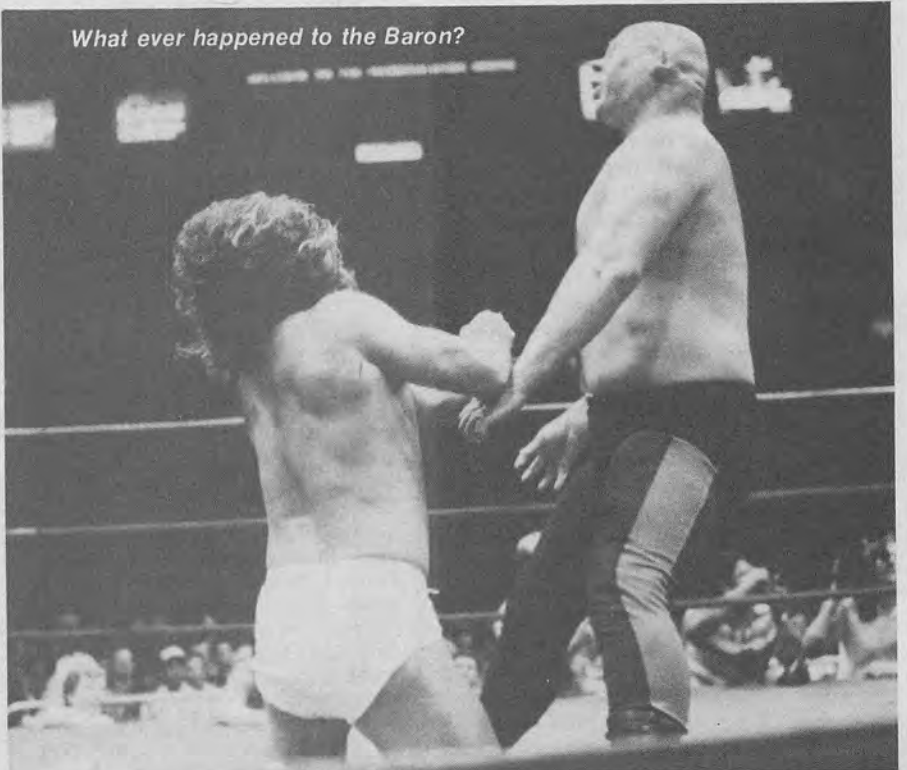
**Freebirds' Michael Hayes will soon cut his hair and shave his beard in an effort to escape the wrath of the Road Warriors.**

in swooping from the ring and to the side of his fallen manager...while Animal, left to face his awesome adversaries alone, was held for the count.

### **New Challenges?**

So, hail to the new Champs. And let's wish them luck as well. They're going

### **What ever happened to the Baron?**



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### HERE'S HOW NICO-QUIT WORKS

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This pattern of demand and counteraction will slowly but surely affect how often you reach for a cigarette. More and more time will elapse between cigarettes. And every time you succumb and light up a cigarette, you'll instantly realize you can't smoke the cigarette . . . that you don't want to smoke the cigarette . . . and will crush it out with a new found strength . . . and with a new found pleasure of finally realizing that you truly are going to quit smoking!

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Silver Acetate (the medically safe ingredient in NICO-QUIT) has been found safe to use by the Food and Drug Administration. You'll be amazed how quickly NICO-QUIT helps you lose the desire to smoke. And just one spraying of NICO-QUIT lasts for up to four hours. Then, just spray again and you're protected for another four hours. The pleasant flavor doesn't affect the taste of food or drink . . . but always reacts with the nicotine in cigarette smoke.

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- Oxygen level in blood increases to normal

#### AFTER 24 HOURS

- Chance of heart attack decreases

#### AFTER 48 HOURS

- Nerve endings start regrowing
- Ability to smell and taste things is enhanced

#### AFTER 72 HOURS

- Bronchial tubes relax, making breathing easier
- Lung capacity increases

#### WITHIN 2 WEEKS TO 3 MONTHS

- Circulation improves
- Walking becomes easier
- Lung function increases up to 30 percent

#### 1 TO 9 MONTHS

- Coughing, sinus congestion, fatigue, shortness of breath decrease
- Cilia regrow in lungs, increasing ability to handle mucus, clean the lungs, reduce infection
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Remember . . . the Surgeon General's report says an estimated 85 percent of all lung cancer is caused by cigarette smoking. And cigarette smoking increases the risk of early death from other life-threatening diseases, such as heart, other lung and muscular diseases! IT'S TIME TO QUIT!

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to need it: What with such dauntless duos as Sgt. Slaughter and Greg Gagne, The Long Riders, Zenk and Hennig, along with Ray Stevens's terrifying twosome of Larry Zbyszko and Nick Bockwinkel, Garvin and Regal are in for the toughest time of their lives. But, too, you just know it won't be long before The Freebirds tire of playing patty cakes with their new buddies and come after the belt that used to belong to them.

Although a super-smart strategist, conversing with Precious is like being confronted by a constantly enraged parakeet: Her voice is maddening.

The Sarge continues his tenure as America's Champ—a most fitting title for the man whose superlative efforts teaches those who would spit on our flag that we are a people who can't and won't be held down. Haven't all those Soviet suck-ups had enough yet?

### **The Hulk Hogan Era**

**The World Wrestling Federation** (Titan Sports): Now long beyond everyone's wildest dreams, Hulk Hogan remains the W.W.F.'s Heavyweight Champion. Somehow successfully evading the area's outstanding array of fantastic competition, Hogan keeps on keeping on, staying alive and invulnerable to men such as Randy "Macho Man" Savage, Terry Funk, Don Muraco, Adrian Adonis, Big John Studd, Mr. Fuji, King Kong Bundy, Iron Mike Sharpe, Jesse Ventura, Johnny Valiant, Jim "The Anvil" Niedhart, and Brett Hart.

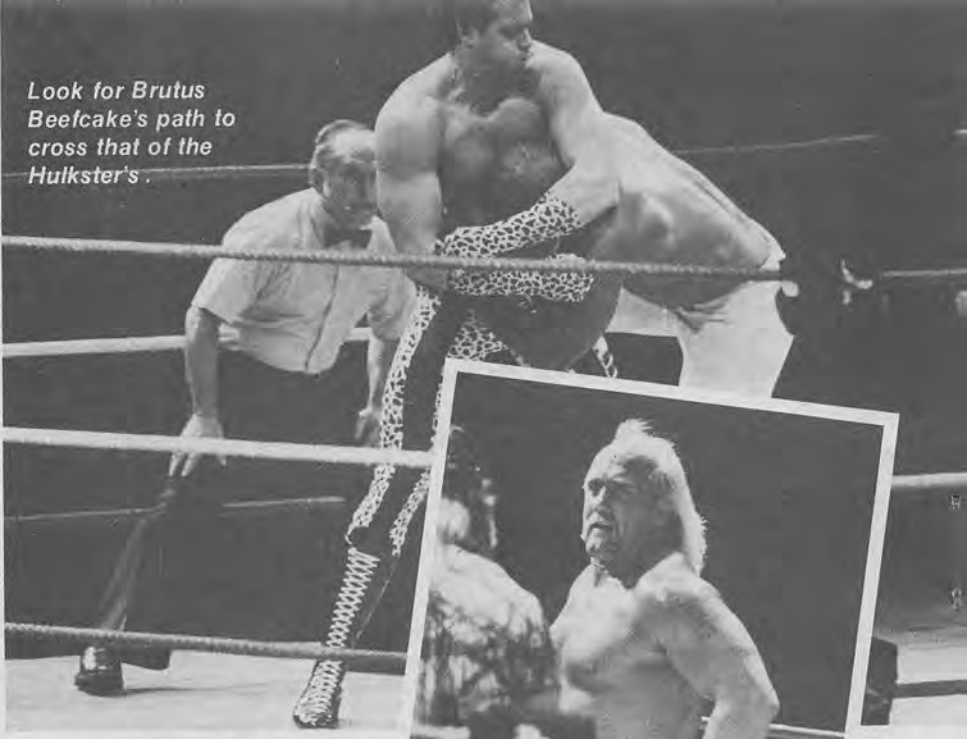
### **Tito Santana**

Tito Santana is the promotion's Inter-Continental Champion, who meets all comers head-on and with the slick skill by which we've come to know him. To keep his finger in all available pies, Santana—who plies his trade just as often as he can as a means of perfecting his near-perfect wrestling savvy—has also been entering tag competition with fellow Latino, Pedro Morales.

### **Beefcake-Valentine**

Meanwhile, Tag Champs Brutus Beefcake and Greg "The Hammer" Valentine have really been earning their keep and getting down to it with the area's bounty of such sterlingly splendid teams as Nikolai Volkoff and The Sheik, The British Bulldogs also known as The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith, Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat and Junkyard Dog, as well as The Mouth Of The South's Hart Foundation.

*Look for Brutus Beefcake's path to cross that of the Hulkster's.*



*Look for Ricky Steamboat to dye his hair platinum blond before he again steps in the ring with Ric Flair.*



### **Leaping Lanny**

Lanny Poffo continues to dazzle fans and devastate opponents, all the while being the nicest young man around.

Corporal Kirchner is also someone worthy of attention.

Wouldn't Mean Gene Okerlund have made a wonderful used car salesman? Recently glimpsed out for a night on the town with a voluptuous blonde on each arm, Gene gives new meaning to the old adage that instructs, "If you don't see a pile of snow on the rooftop, it probably means there's a roaring fire down below." (or something like that). Anyway, the used car business' loss is wrestling's everlasting gain in that Mr. Okerlund is exactly right for the job he does on Titan's televised events.

Don't you just love watching King Tonga?

While they shouldn't entertain hopes for building a city on their brand of rock 'n' roll, the Federation's record album is cute and would make a terrific holiday stocking stuffer. Ask Santa.

The Missing Link is...missing.

### **Windham-Rotundo?**

Ditto the team who twice held Titan's tag belts, Barry Windham and Mike Rotundo. The two are, so we hear, headed back to Florida where they'll rejoin Blackjack Mulligan and Kendall

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. . . WITHOUT EVER KNOWING  
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Only *you* will know why she is acting as your submissive slave. Why her only desire is to please you without objection. Instead of a cold "no", you will hear a warm "Yes. YES!"

Your next test will be even more *unbelievable!* You'll command not just one but four or five gorgeous creatures. This time, you'll mentally project a thought command to this *entire* luscious group.

**AGAIN, WONDROUSLY, THAT  
"HAREM" IS GOING TO PERFORM  
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EXACTLY AS YOU WILLED IT!**

Again, they will have absolutely no idea whatsoever that their seemingly voluntary actions are dictated by you. Why should they? You said nothing, made no moves. You stated your desires only one way—*mentally!*

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Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once dead-certain that the earth was flat. Man reach the Moon? *Impossible!*

You and I know differently. Yesteryears' "never-happens" are stark realities today. So if you still are a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me.

Along with the chance to prove me wrong, I'll also give you the "risk-free" chance to prove I'm right . . . plus a *free gift*. Here's my proposal.



I am now releasing an unusual manual on a subject which has fascinated mankind for ages. That subject is *parapsychology*.

It deals with the power of the mind to project thought and communicate with others, outside the body, using *none of the five senses*.

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Windham, all of whom will be seeing action with both the N.W.A. and I.W.W.A.

### **Ric Flair Update**

**The National Wrestling Alliance:** Ric Flair is still The Man, whose flamboyant form and savagely unerring instinct conspire to make him just about unstoppable as he regularly thwarts threats from Superstar Billy Graham, Harley Race, Tully Blanchard, Black Bart, Kevin Sullivan, Magnum T.A., Pistol Pez Whatley, Terry Taylor, Wahoo McDaniel, Ragin' Bull Manny Fernandez, Billy Jack Haynes, and Dusty Rhodes.



**For Whom The Bell Tolls? For Ric Flair!**

### **Baby Doll Betrayal**

Big guileless eyes, dimples and a smile that says he drinks lot of milk aside, you just naturally know that Magnum T.A. does not wear white cotton boxer shorts. The man is a walking sexpot and has been known to turn the head of many a sweet bit of fluff. When T.A. put the make on Blanchard's favorite squeeze Baby Doll ... and she didn't seem to mind ... Tully, who thinks himself irresistible, went bananas, which is putting it mildly. What happens next is anybody's guess.

Not to be confused with N.W.A./A.W.A. presentations which sometimes go under the alias of "Pro-USA," the actual N.W.A. TV shows—those listing Jim Crockett in the credits—are nothing less than fantastic. Here's hoping that with cable and superstations coming into vogue all over the place, everyone will soon be able to view these great events.

### **Valiant's Angel?**

Jimmy Valiant is the recipient of some unexpected help being sent his way from an anonymous angel who attends the Boogie Woogie Man's every match and punches out any foolish enough to take unfair advantage of her Jimmy.

# Fan's Speak



### **Dusty Rhodes Comeback?**

**Dear Championship Wrestling,**

I'm getting sick and tired of all these dim wits talking about how Dusty Rhodes is finished. What do they know anyhow?!

Just because he lost a match of two—that doesn't mean anything. Truly, the American Dream lives! One thing for sure, Dusty's from Texas and Texans never quit. For one thing, they don't know how. Remember the Alamo!

People who say Dusty Rhodes is all washed up must be Yankees. That's the only way to explain it. And what do Yankees know anyway? Especially about wrestling? Every one knows wrestling got its start here in Texas.

Please, you would do a great justice to fair-and-square reporting and would probably increase the popularity of **Championship Wrestling** if you would have a story about Dusty's next comeback in your next issue. I would buy it and so would all my friends here in Texas.

*Sincerely,*  
**Pete Patick**  
Sour Lick, TX

### **Ric Flair's Ego**

**Dear Championship Wrestling,**

After reading the article "King Of The Mountain" by Mighty Mike Kimmel in the Feb/86 issue, I find myself going along with most of what he says. Being stationed in Oklahoma and having cable, I get a chance to see all the greats and also the losers. I have followed wrestling for 16 years. I have seen a lot of people come and go. The Funks, the Briscoes and soon hopefully Ric "Cry Baby" Flair. After all, he could only make it through Round One if he has help from his cousins, the Andersons.

Hulk Hogan is a great TV champ. He would destroy some of the people you've spoken of in your article.

The other champ, the AWA Rick Martel, would be more than likely to defeat Hogan on wrestling ability alone. He would work out great unless a war broke out.

Rhodes, Race, and the Funks would take care of themselves, I'm sure. I believe the old memories would be too much for those guys. In other words, open the hospital!

Dr. D needs a doctor and the Sgt. would send him to see one.

Even though he is not my favorite of all I believe Backlund would be the only guy to make it to a final showdown with the fire in his eye to face Slaughter.

Good work getting the Super Showdown. After all, some or at least one of your champs (Ric Flair) doesn't want to lose his ego trip in front of millions of people.

*Sincerely,*  
**Jim Watts**  
Oklahoma City, OK

### **Justice To Meddlers!**

**Dear Championship Wrestling,**

You people have really let me down. First, you talk about a subject that all the other wrestling magazines are scared to talk about—that meddling females assistants should get their just desserts (at least a good smack!). Then, in the next issue, there's nothing more. Nothing telling about those meddlers who have been getting their lumps. Nothing! What happened? Have you lost your nerve? Have the politicians up there told you to lay off this most important subject? I demand to know.

**Charles Mann**  
Bristol, TN

*Dear Charles,*  
In our next issue we promise a full feature on justice finally coming to ring-side meddlers. Stay tuned. **Ed**

THE POWER OF THE WITCHES CAN BRING YOU RICHES

# WITCHCRAFT SECRETS

How To Bring Forth Magical Powers To Make All Your Dreams Come True

## Our Super Book Reveals...

- Supernatural powers and how to achieve them.
- How to use the art of silent persuasion.
- How to use the tools of witchcraft.
- Secret rituals for producing and using magic.
- How to communicate with the supernatural.
- How to improve yourself through witchcraft.
- How to feel the cosmic vibrations.
- How to use chants, spells, incantations.
- How to ward off evil.
- How to influence a prospective lover.
- How to mend a broken love.
- How to cure impotency or attract a mate.
- How to make potions to cure ailments.
- What talismans are and how to use them.

...and much, much more, to help you do so many things we've not enough room here to list them all. We all know, don't we, that we can use all the help we can get in this world where the odds are against us from the start. Then why rule out this mighty important facet of human existence? Witchcraft has been around even longer than recorded history. No culture on the earth has been without it in one form or another. So why ignore it?

## You need help to fight the odds!

Trying to cope in today's world requires all the powers available to us. So why not enlist the aid of the Force that humanity has called upon since the birth of civilization. Why ride on three wheels in the race against those with four. Give yourself a chance. Give witchcraft a trial now without risk by sending for the book that tells it all ... and which will change your life and show you the easy way. You'll never know what you're missing until you investigate.



Your key to enter the forbidden world of occult mysteries.

The wonderful book, that gives you immediate entry into a world locked away from you, will introduce you to a new life ... of success instead of frustration ... of joy, instead of worry and fear ... of having instead of hoping. After all, luck seems to come easily to some and to be beyond reach of others. How do the fortunate ones do it? Haven't you wondered? Perhaps they have found the secret of success through witchcraft. Many people have. Why not you? If you are afraid you have something to lose, forget that! Our wonderful book is yours without any risk whatever with our generous money-back guarantee.

## Make luck your slave, not your master!

You'll be in the driver's seat when you know how to put witchcraft to your advantage. Do all the things you've dreamt about but never thought would be within your power. Stop saying, "Some day" and "I wish" and "I hope" and "With a little bit of luck" etc. Make your own luck. Take hold of your destiny. People who know how to utilize the Force of Witchcraft have it all over the rest of the world. And all you have to do is learn that Force and how to apply it in your own personal interest, to further your own personal success and accomplishments. Find out what you've been missing. See what you are passing up. Can you really afford not to give witchcraft a try? We're making it temptingly easy. Take advantage of this opportunity.

## MEET THE GREAT SCOTT ROBIN, OUR EDITORIAL CONSULTANT

He is Mystic of national renown and has appeared on talk shows and favorably reviewed for his supernatural ability. His predictions have brought him great popularity and have been documented by experts. He is a direct descendant of international mystics, who was born in America. His studies have won him Shoksta the highest level of life study. He is also a master of Kapa-Endelle, a unique, protective occult technique. His blood line traces back to the monks and he has mastered The Powers of Gold, a study of Spiritual Healing revealed in our book, The Force of Witchcraft.



## WE DON'T ASK YOU TO BECOME A WITCH, JUST TO ACQUAINT YOURSELF WITH THE OCCULT WORLD THAT HAS BEEN KEPT A MUCH-MISUNDERSTOOD SECRET!

You are not being asked to join anything; to become a member of a cult or sect or to change your present beliefs. It is not necessary to do anything but read The Force of Witchcraft, which does nothing to proselytize or persuade. All it does is reveal secrets and give you directions for doing wonders and using the powers others have been applying since the dawn of time. We just want you to realize that witchcraft can be a force for good ... for pleasure ... for happiness and within its confines, there is plenitude and joy and wealth. All we want to do is shift some of all this wonderment and prosperity and good fortune to you, where you've waited for it so long. Everybody has wishes, yet only a select few in this world ever get to know the realization in this lifetime. Your dreams need a helping hand and here it is ... yours easily ... freely and affordably ... between the covers of a magic book.

## What do you know about the art of SILENT PERSUASION?

Do you know that you can get someone to do your bidding; to accept your commands; to do as you order? That is possible without you saying a word directly to that person. Our book tells you how to do this by sheer force of your will. That's what is widely known as Silent Persuasion and even the scientific minds are hard at work on unraveling the secrets of this amazing feat. Learn how to focus your mind on that of another person, to get him or her under your influence and to get your way. Silent persuasion is even better than direct persuasion because it places you under no obligation to anyone and the person you are influencing has no idea you are responsible. Isn't that an art worth learning? You bet it is!

## REWARD! Just for examining "The Force Of Witchcraft"

Yours to own whether you keep our book or return it to us for full refund.

## WITCH'S LUCK CHARM AMULET

Keep it in your pocket or purse at all times. Let it's influence help you with the wonderful confidence it gives you and the help you will gain when making decisions. It's our gift to you for showing interest in witchcraft.



Read "The Force of Witchcraft" and put these hidden powers to work to turn your life around and put yourself among the winners!

The power to heal yourself as witches do!

The power to win others to your thinking!

The power to influence the odds!

The power to acquire great wealth!

The power to turn your life around and win!

The power to make new friends!

The power to see into the future!

The power of mind over matter!

The power to make the right decisions!

The power to obtain and hold a lover!

The power to overcome pain and anxiety!

The power to cope with any financial problem!

## WHATEVER POWER YOU WANT, YOU'VE GOT!

You name it and it's covered in the book that has more to offer you than any other you will read ... because The Force of Witchcraft gets right down to basics ... no shilly-shallying, no beating around the bush. It spells out word for word, line for line, exactly where it is coming from. It tells you what to do and how to do it in a way that anyone with the power to read can understand in a minute. That's why we're so sure you will treasure this splendid book that we are confident you will want to keep it forever. And we don't ask that you pay \$25.00 or even \$15.00 but a mere \$9.95 ... which is fully refundable even after you have read it from cover to cover. We just want you to try some of the easy-to-follow suggestions and see if they don't influence your life. We know it's a book of books and you will delight in it.

## Before we can send you the book, you need to sign this pledge.

I hereby pledge that I am over 18 years of age. I will never use the power I gain from reading The Force of Witchcraft for any evil or harmful purpose nor to inflict pain or discomfort on any person nor to further avarice or malice or distress, but to use the power for my own pleasure and benefit.

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

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# ***The Road Warriors:***

# **READY TO**

**By Mighty Mike Kimmel**

**S**ince entering the world of professional wrestling 3 short years ago, the incredible Road Warriors have ridden roughshod over the very finest tag team competition available the world over. Animal and Hawk have demonstrated time and again more brute force and determination than has been evident in any tag team tandem to date. Despite their recent difficulties and the alarming contingent which is now betting against their continued success, Animal and Hawk appear to be much the same men we have all come to know and respect.

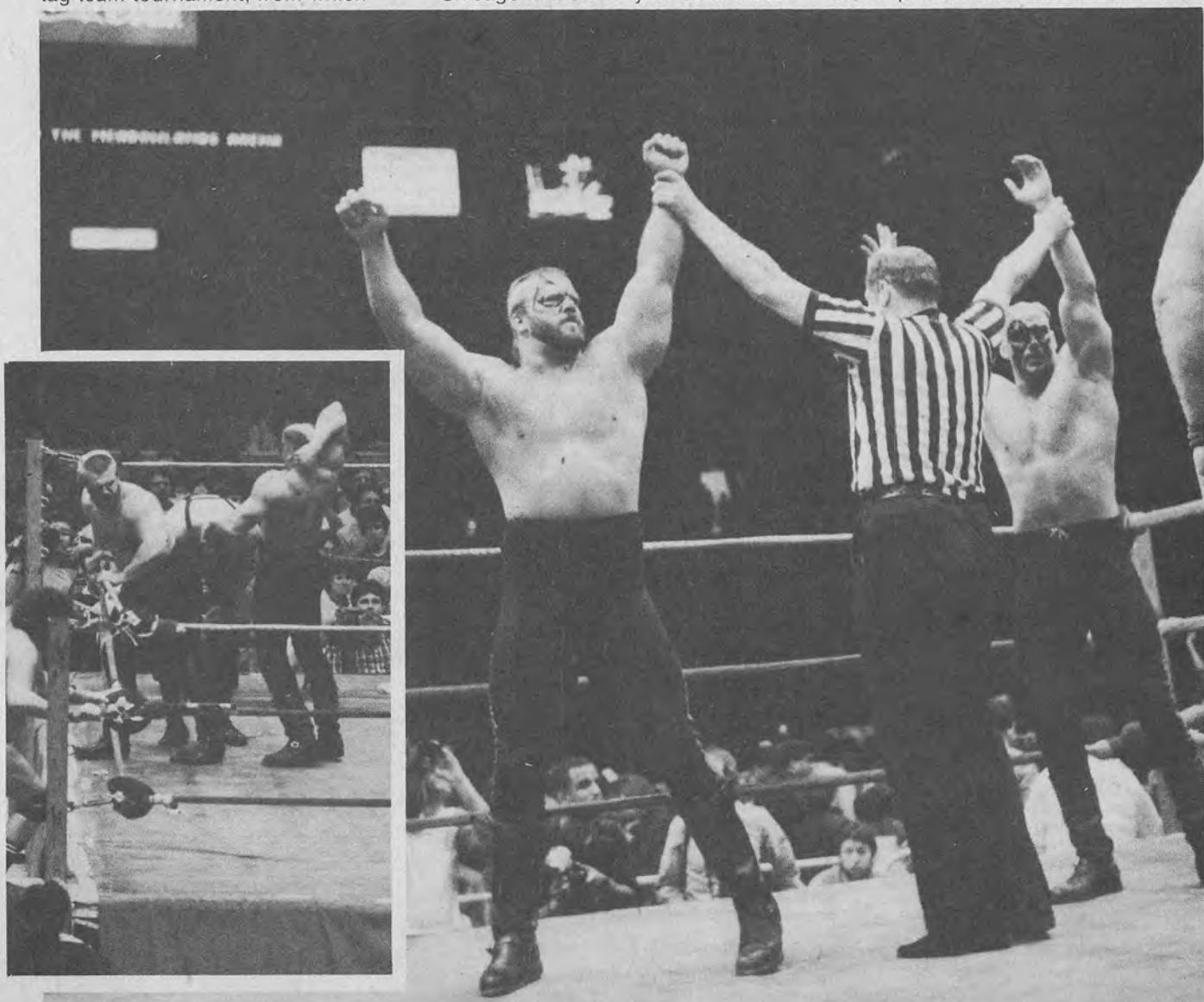
Precious Paul Ellering first introduced this mammoth and unorthodox new grappling duo to the mat world in the NWA National tag team tournament, from which

***Their recent defeat under questionable circumstances by Steve Regal and Jimmy Garvin and loss of the AWA tag team belts leaves open the question of whether this awesome twosome is ready to venture to the NWA where they could be matched against the equally awesome pair from Russia—Ivan and Nikita Koloff.***

they emerged victorious. At the time, Ellering, a successful ring veteran himself, was managing several other wrestlers and a tournament to fill the then-vacant National tag title was fast approaching. Ellering was contacted by Animal and Hawk, and travelled to Chicago immediately to meet these

two powerhouses who had expressed an interest in becoming professional wrestlers.

Animal and Hawk, who have been inseparable since childhood, began developing their strength, physiques, and battle skills so that they might better protect themselves from attack



# MOVE ON



in the ugly urban jungle they called "home." Studying countless professional wrestlers on television over the years, the two men confidently decided that there were absolutely no competitors on the pro wrestling scene capable of meeting their awesome challenge and withstanding their bone crushing attack. They required Ellering's behind-the-scenes knowledge, however, to open the necessary doors to their future success.

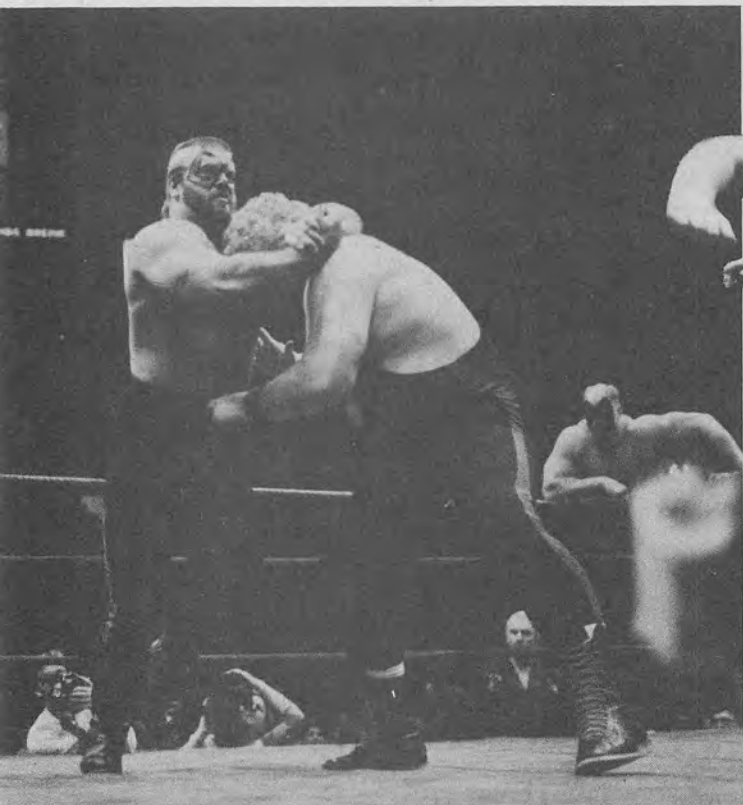
## **Paul Ellering's Influence**

Paul Ellering shared Animal and Hawk's extensive background in heavy weight lifting, as well as their somewhat brutal ideologies regarding professional wrestling. Their very first

*The Road Warriors had reigned supreme over all other NWA tag teams until they met up with Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal— that is Garvin and Regal aided by those notorious Yankee-haters, the Fabulous Freebirds.*





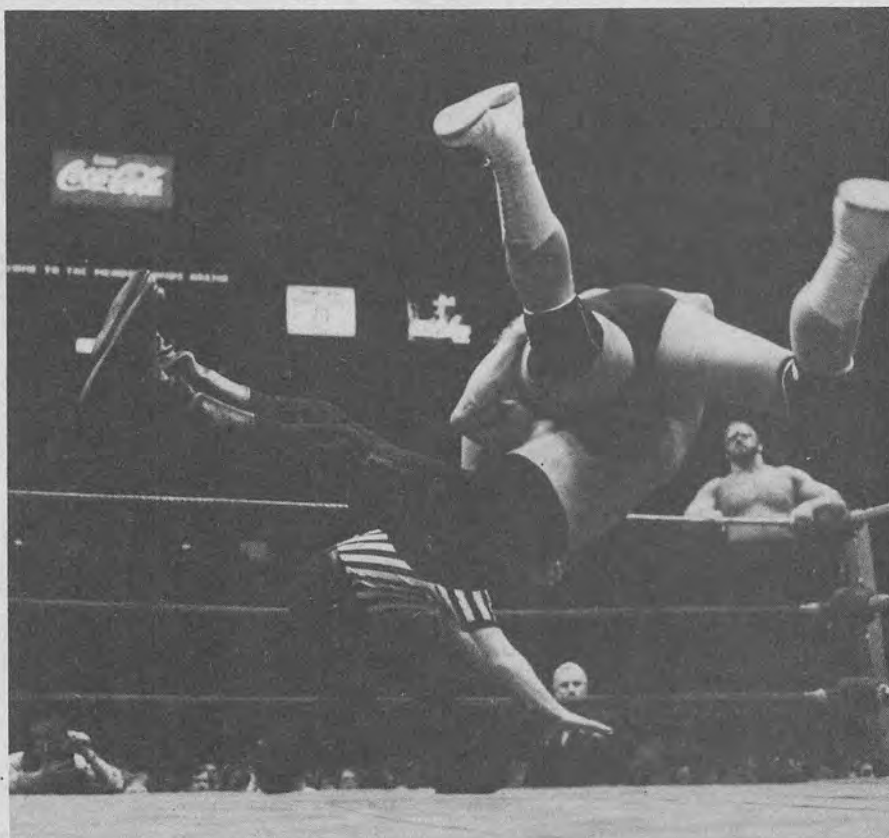


meeting demonstrated that manager and clients had quite a bit in common with one another, and an agreement was soon made for Ellering to get the Herculean unknowns signed against several established and top calibre tag team combinations.

### ***Path Of Destruction***

Bulldozing through the NWA's very finest tag teams, the self-styled Legion of Doom captured and defended the prestigious National tag team title. After a long and brutal reign, the Warriors finally split with the NWA, moving to the rival AWA territory and capturing the world tag team title from Baron Von Raschke and the Crusher. In their brief career, the Road Warriors have massacred such top ranked duos as Greg Gagne and Jim Brunzell, Nick Bockwinkel and Mr. Saito, Dory and Terry Funk, the Fabulous Ones (Steve Keirn and Stan Lane), Jack and Jerry Brisco, Jerry Lawler and Tommy Rich, Larry and Curt Hennig, the Kiwi Sheepherders, Baron Von Raschke and Jerry "Crusher" Blackwell, and the Wild Samoans.

Given their tremendous physical power, it must be expected that Animal and Hawk might injure their opponents from time to time. Both men can bench press 550 pounds and have been known to deadlift an astonishing 800 pounds. They can each raise up the back end of any

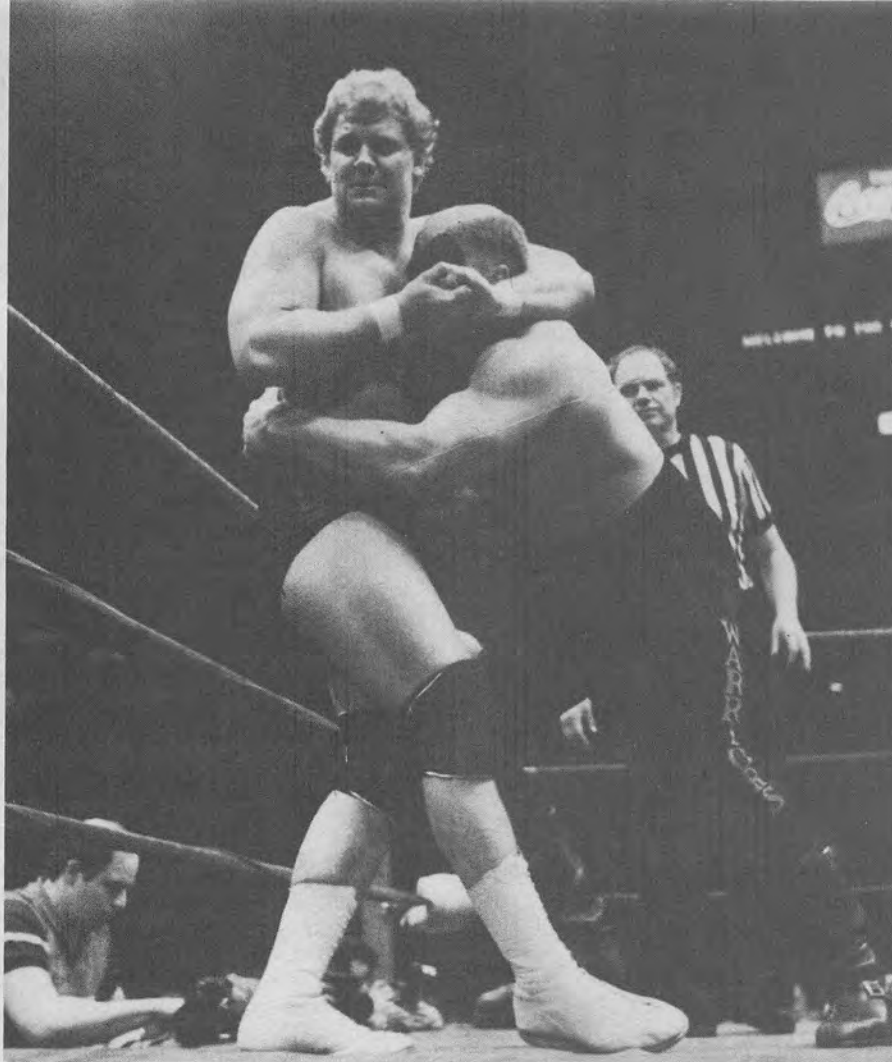


***Until Garvin and Regal, the biggest competition given the Road Warriors was presented by Larry and Curt Hennig.***

car and each has the strength to lift up a refrigerator and press it high overhead.

If they so desired, the Road Warriors could step into the ring nightly and deliberately break arms, legs, ribs, and necks. But, in truth,

Animal and Hawk have been more than fair to their many opponents in the ring. They are supremely self-confident, and have managed to prove their ability throughout their career without decimating the membership of their chosen



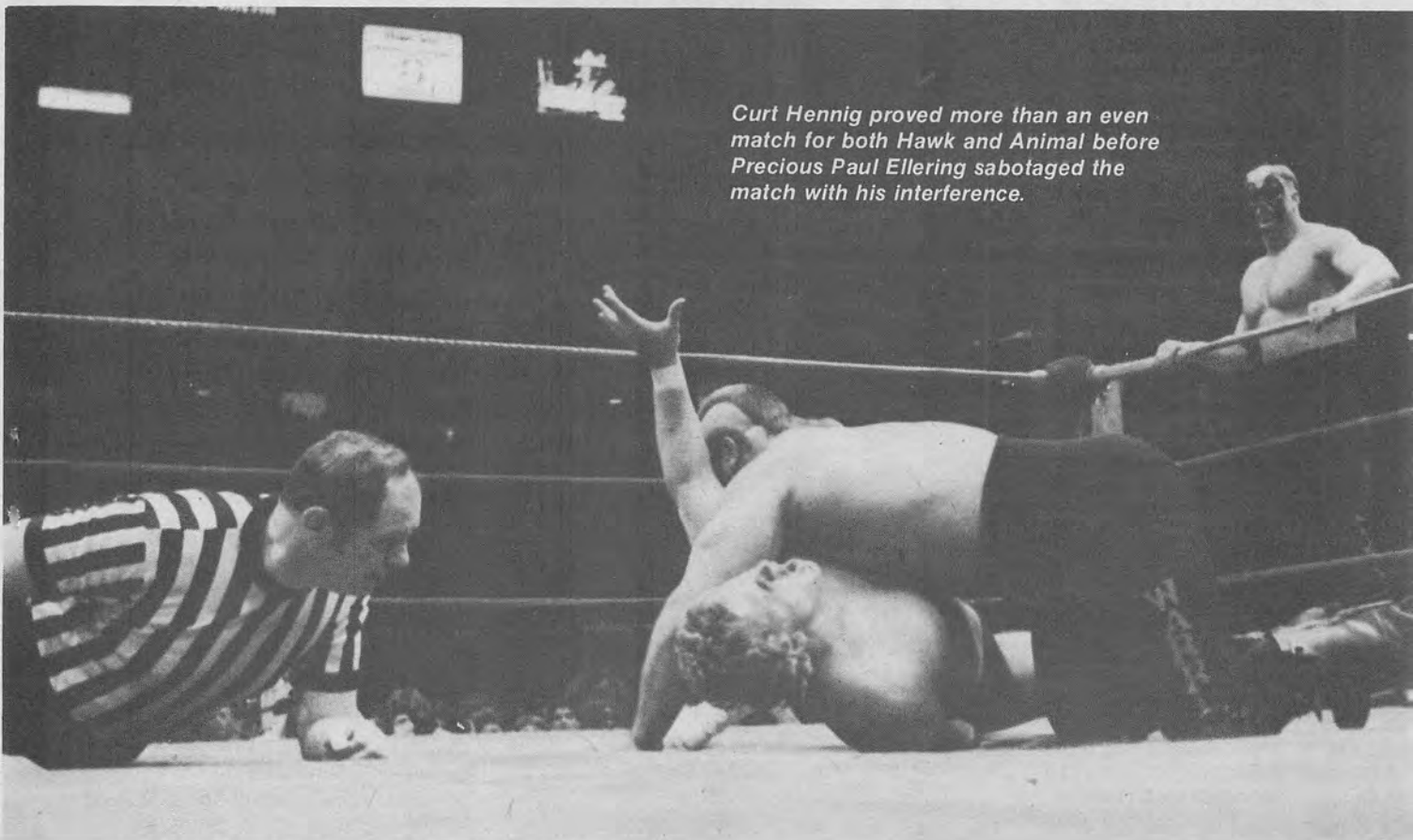
profession. Injuries have occurred, however, due to the short tempers both men possess. Animal and Hawk have little tolerance for adversaries who may try to embarrass them publicly and, when thus angered, have been known to send even the sport's best conditioned athletes to the nearest hospital.

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### **Will the Warriors now elect to pursue the NWA world tag team title currently held by the awesome Russian duo, the Koloffs?**

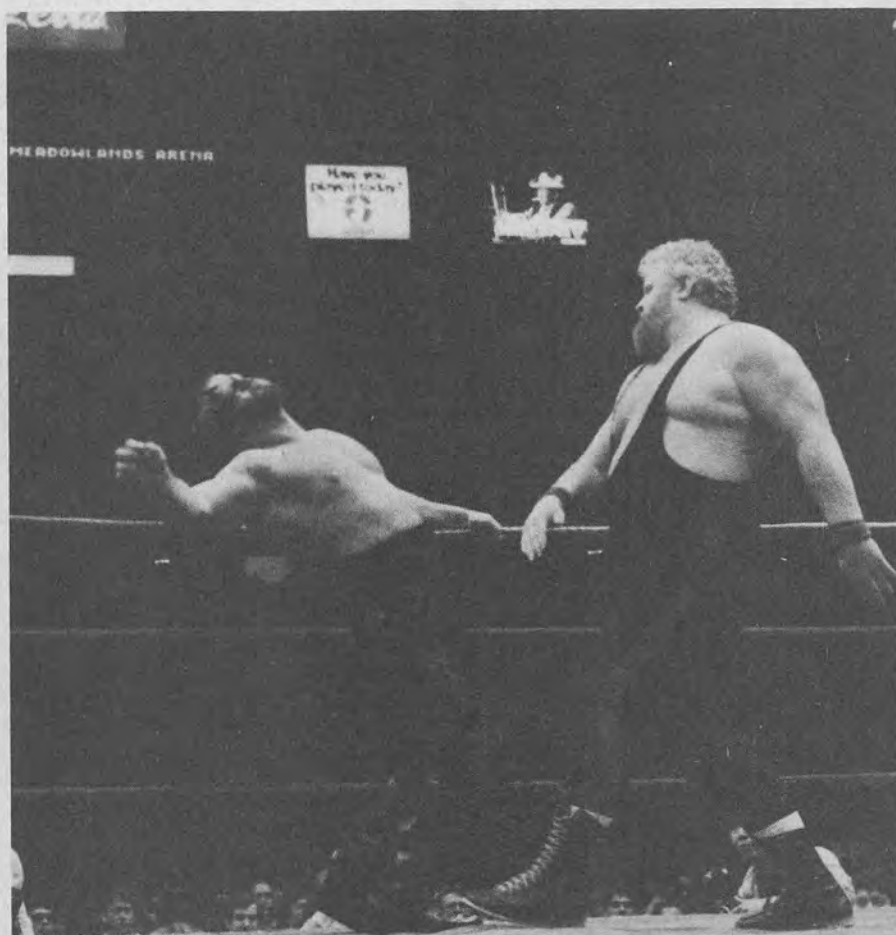
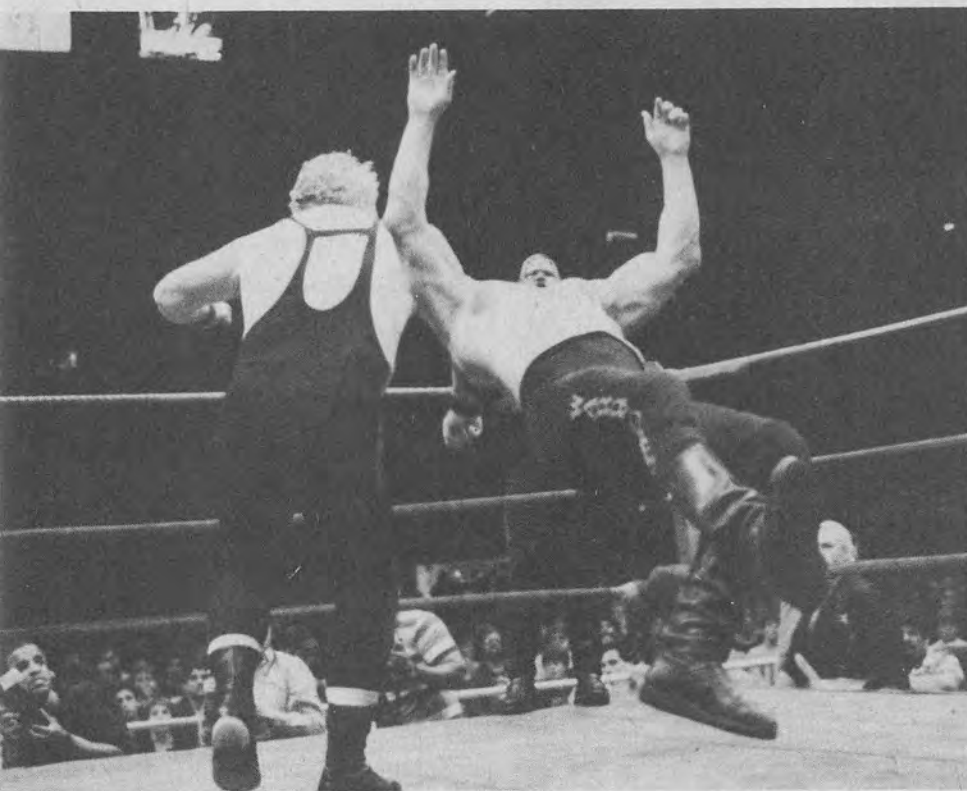
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Wrestling promoters, federation heads, and the members of the various championship committees, however, do not appreciate having any member of their regular competitive assemblage injured and temporarily unable to compete. Should Road Warrior Hawk, for example, deliberately cause a certain wrestler to sustain, say, a separated shoulder, then that particular grappler will be unable to meet future ring commitments for which he may have been previously scheduled. This will force promoters to make a substitution for the injured man and



*Curt Hennig proved more than an even match for both Hawk and Animal before Precious Paul Ellering sabotaged the match with his interference.*





*Curt Hennig was able to punish the Road Warriors in the early going, however, the Hennig's brave show was doomed to failure.*

is generally the type of management level headache promoters of *all types* (wrestling, boxing, theatre, music, etc.) are not anxious to confront. In many cases, souvenir programs for an evening's card will have been printed well in advance of the scheduled arena date. Last minute substitutions, then, cause inaccuracies in the program, making the whole event as a whole appear amateurish, and embarrassing those in charge. In any case, this scenario

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**Given their tremendous physical power, it must be expected that Animal and Hawk might injure their opponents from time to time.**

---

has been one of the most important underlying reasons behind the friction Paul Ellering's men have traditionally encountered with the upper management of both the AWA and NWA.

The Road Warriors, who have long been considered invincible, recently dropped the AWA tag belts under very questionable circumstances to Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal. With Hawk pummelling Regal outside the ring, Animal powerslammed Garvin and prepared to deliver his coup de grace, the


normally restrictive professional wrestling world.

### **Looking To The Future**

The legendary power and ability of the Road Warriors have made them top drawing stars worldwide. From time to time, Animal and Hawk have departed from the AWA territory to tour through the NWA and several foreign countries, most notably Japan. Wrestling promoters, though, prefer exerting greater control over titleholders within their own federation domain, and want top drawing champions to be available *at all times* for title defenses within their home territory. Furthermore, AWA officials must certainly realize that

the continued title reign of the Road Warriors in the AWA may have consistently deterred other top ring talents from entering the area.

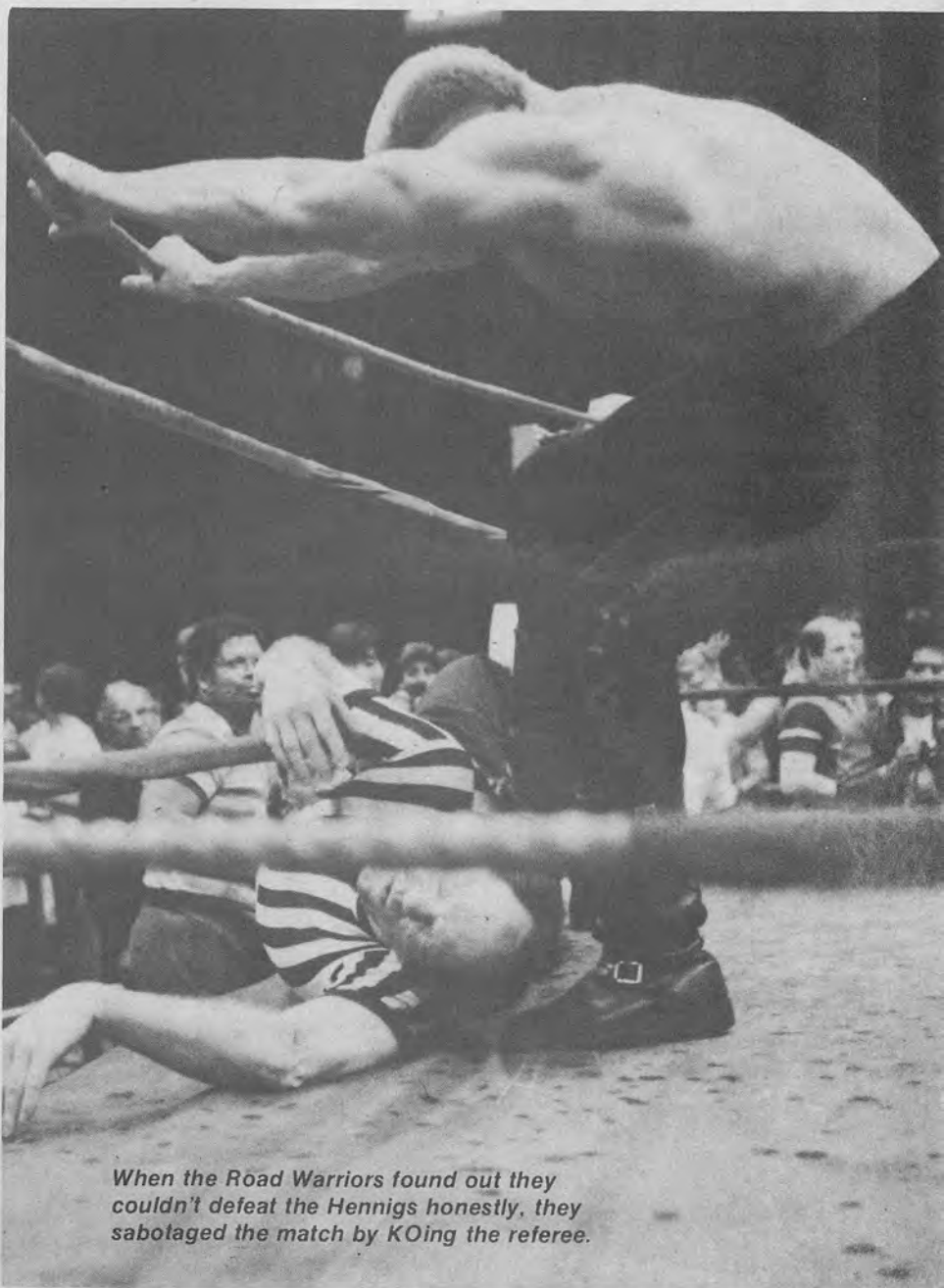
In any event, Animal and Hawk are not the type of men to sit still passively and be manipulated. Before dropping the AWA world tag team title, they put the group's upper management on notice several times that they would leave the territory if not provided with suitable competition. Perhaps the Warriors will now elect to pursue the NWA world tag team title, currently held by Ivan and Nikita Koloff with frequent assistance by Krusher Khrushchev. This brutal and imposing threesome would clearly provide the Legion of Doom with its most formidable test to date.



overhead press. Recent nemesis Michael Hayes of the Fabulous Freebirds, however, entered the fray illegally, coming off the top rope and hammering Animal to the back of the head with a metal object as he readied for the far-famed Road Warrior finishing press. The big man was knocked cold and pinned for a 3 count.

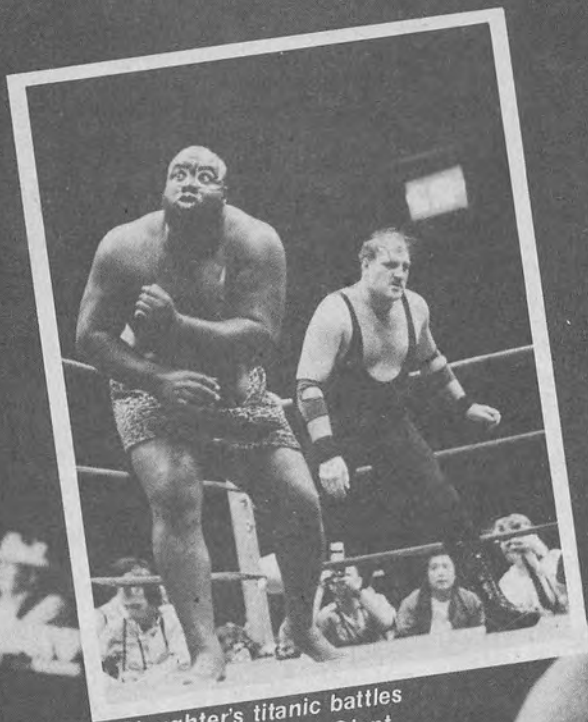
### **Stab In The Back?**

It would not be presumptuous, at this point, to consider that the Warriors may have been victims of intricate behind the scenes maneuvering to strip them of their world tag team championship. Though they have had their difficulties of late with several teams, most notably the Fabulous Freebirds (Michael Hayes, Terry Gordy, and Buddy Roberts) and the Long Riders (Scott and Wild Bill Irwin), neither of these impressive squads have demonstrated the tenacity to put either Animal or Hawk down on the canvas for a legal pinfall. Many AWA wrestlers, such as Hayes, stand to benefit from the recent title change, as the AWA world tag team championship, now held by considerably less formidable men, no longer appears unattainable. AWA promoters, as well, may be in a more secure position with the new tag champions, as they will no longer have to cater to the whims of titlists whose tremendous ability enabled them to "write their own ticket" in the

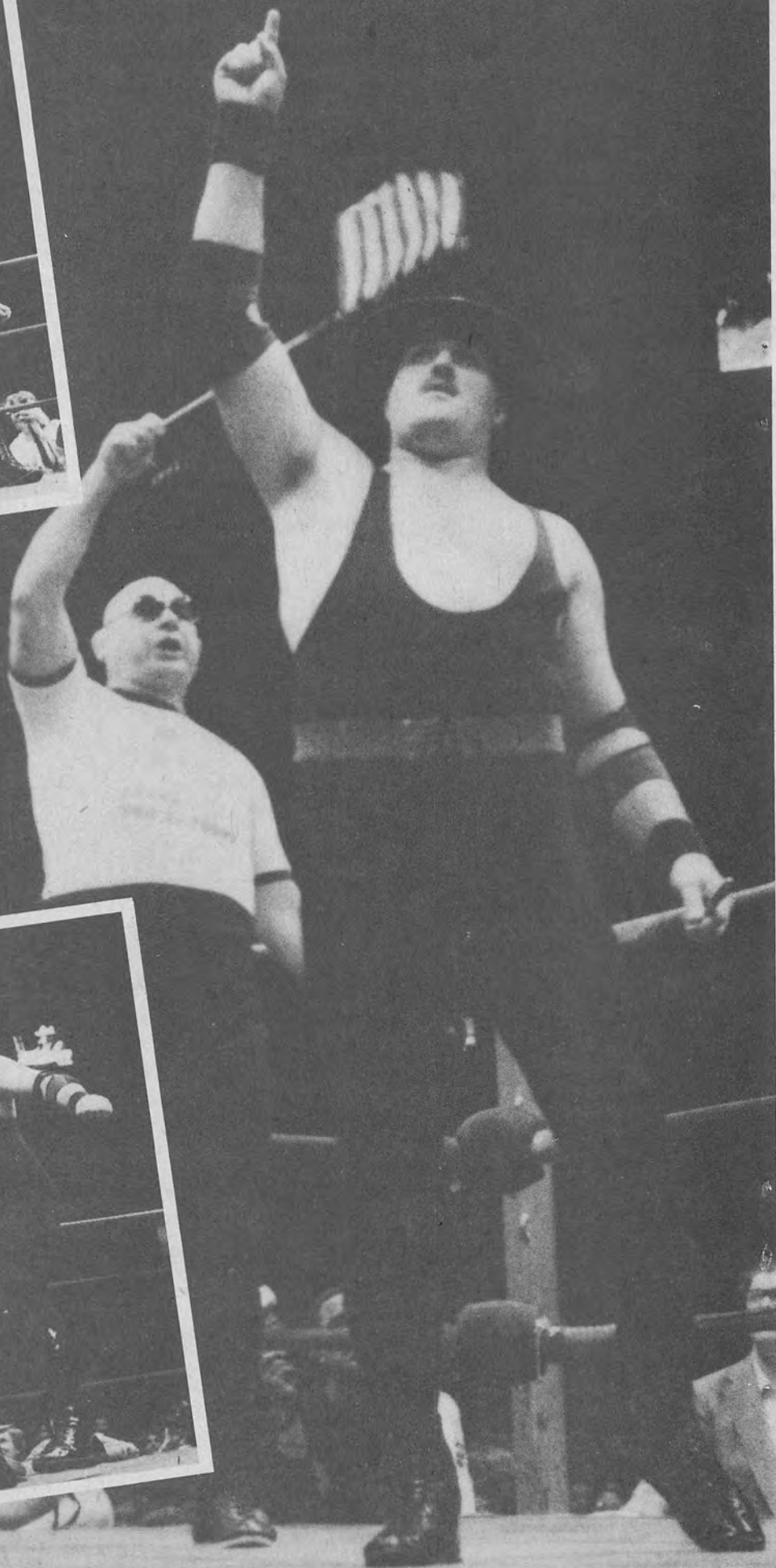
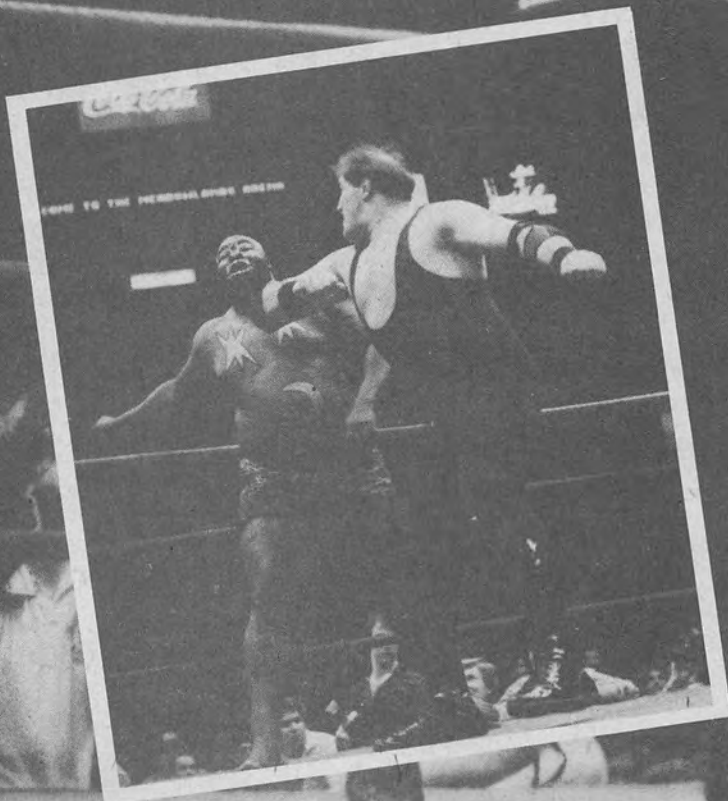


*When the Road Warriors found out they couldn't defeat the Hennigs honestly, they sabotaged the match by KOing the referee.*





Slaughter's titanic battles with the Ugandan Giant Kamala drew some of the biggest crowds in the history of wrestling. Needless to say, the fans were not disappointed.





# THE RISE & FALL OF SGT. SLAUGHTER

***America's favorite hero has risen to the top by beating the hated foreigners like the Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkoff. Did those hard-earned victories take too much out of the Sarge? Is the career of this brave ex-Marine finished?***

**By Henry Schlesinger**

**S**laughter is nothing less than chic. The Sarge has finally arrived and you better believe that the nine-year mat veteran's incredible popularity is more than just a by-product of the facile Rambo/Commando military fad that's gripped the country.

It's been a little over a year since

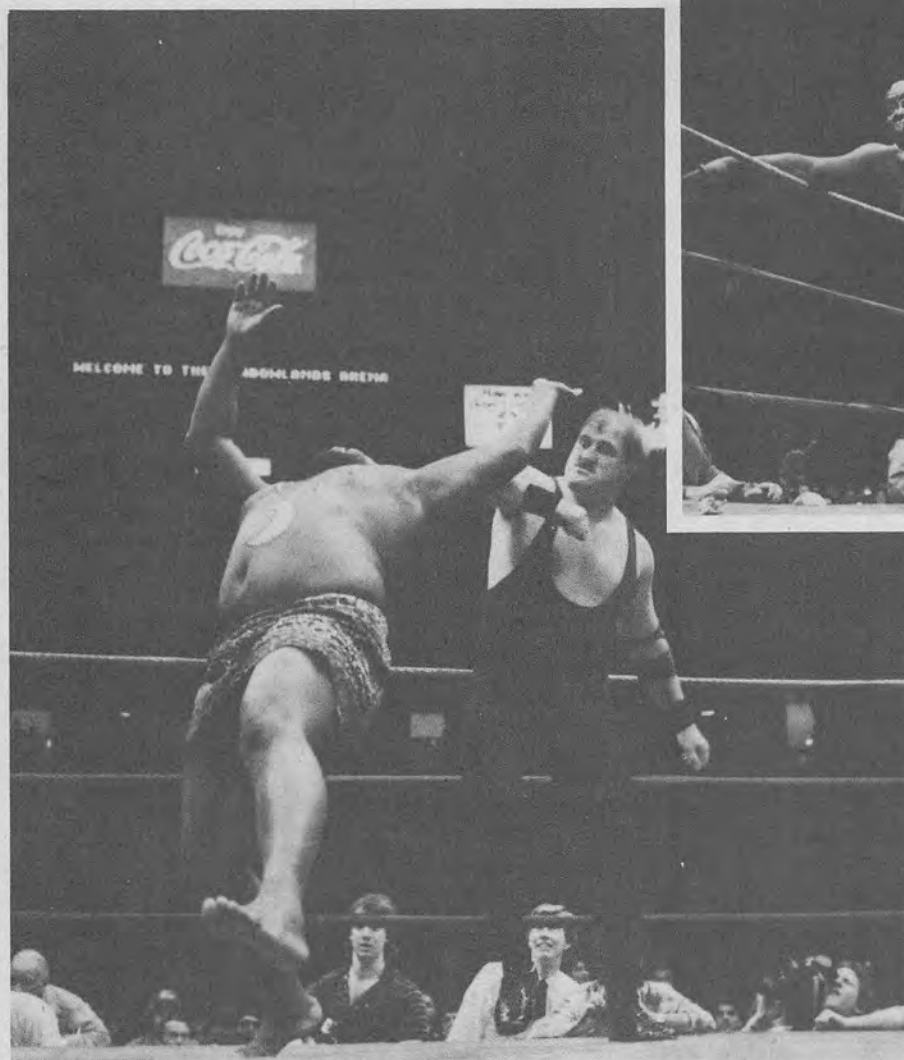
Sargeant Slaughter broke ranks with the WWF, escaping Vince MacMahan Jr.'s strangle hold, to join the newly-formed Pro Wrestling USA. And, while many mat mavens predicted that Slaughter's departure from the WWF would be his downfall, the Sarge has proved those vocal pundits wrong. Dead wrong.

Indeed, rarely has the wrestling

world witnessed such an astonishing rise to super-stardom. Once free of MacMahan's dictatorial command this All American Hero wasted no time in carving out a giant piece of wrestling history for himself. But even now, at the height of his career, the astute wrestling fans see trouble ahead for Slaughter. Yes, the Cobra Corps might be in for some rough times.

Slaughter's own past and those particularly brutal matches that rocketed him to stardom, may turn out to be the death toll for his popularity. Mat fans will recall that Slaughter spent the early years of his career as a notorious bad guy in the NWA, what the Sarge now sheepishly refers to as his "misguided days." It was during these early years that the Sarge learned the more unsavory mat game skills, which today allow him to match fire power with the





***Slaughter combined pure brute strength with the rough-and-tumble techniques he learned in the Marines.***



sport's most brutal practitioners.

Then, in 1983, Slaughter joined the WWF and in less than a year went from *Most Hated* to *Most Popular* in fan ratings as a direct result of his feud with the Iron Sheik. Forced for the first time to draw on his deeply-felt sense of patriotism, Slaughter clashed with the Sheik again and again in a punishing series of matches.

The Sheik met his final defeat in Madison Square Garden before a sell-out house of more than 20,000 cheering spectators. The capacity crowd watched as the Sarge destroyed the Iranian despot once and for all in a vicious blood-bath of a Boot Camp Match. When the smoke finally cleared, the Middle Eastern loud-mouth was silenced, lying bloody and battered in the center of the ring.

But, Slaughter's feud with the Iron Sheik was destined to be only the first of many gruesome matches against what he called "anti-American scum and maggots." Next came Nikolai Volkoff, and a feud that would leave the rambunctious Russian seeing Red, and yes, white and blue!

It was after his decisive win over the Russian that the Sarge found himself in a quandary. With no place to go but up, MacMahan Jr. refused numerous requests to schedule a match between Slaughter and the Champ, Hulk Hogan. It was a denial that eventually caused Slaughter to break with the WWF, but not before winning The Most Inspirational Wrestler Of The Year Award for 1984.

In January of 1985, Slaughter signed with the fledgling Pro Wrestling USA, a combination of both the NWA and AWA promoters. "I welcome the opportunity to compete for both the AWA and NWA World titles," a beaming and

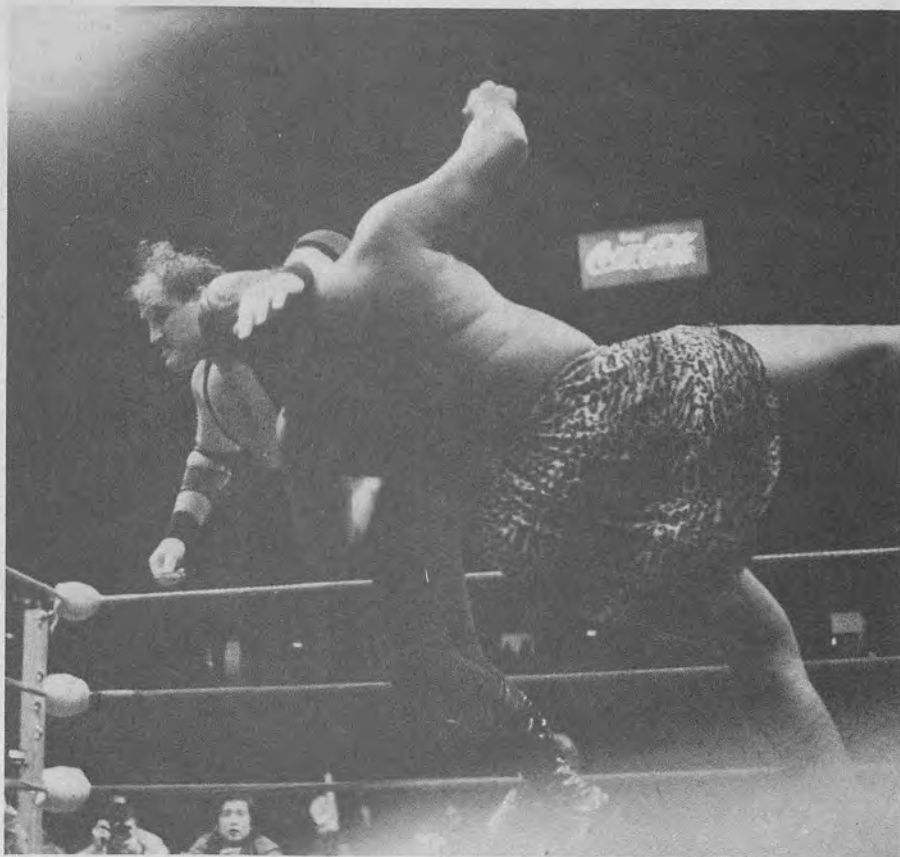
joyful Slaughter said at the time. And, after being MacMahan-chattel for so long, is it any wonder the Sarge was so anxious to get started.

### **Battle Royale**

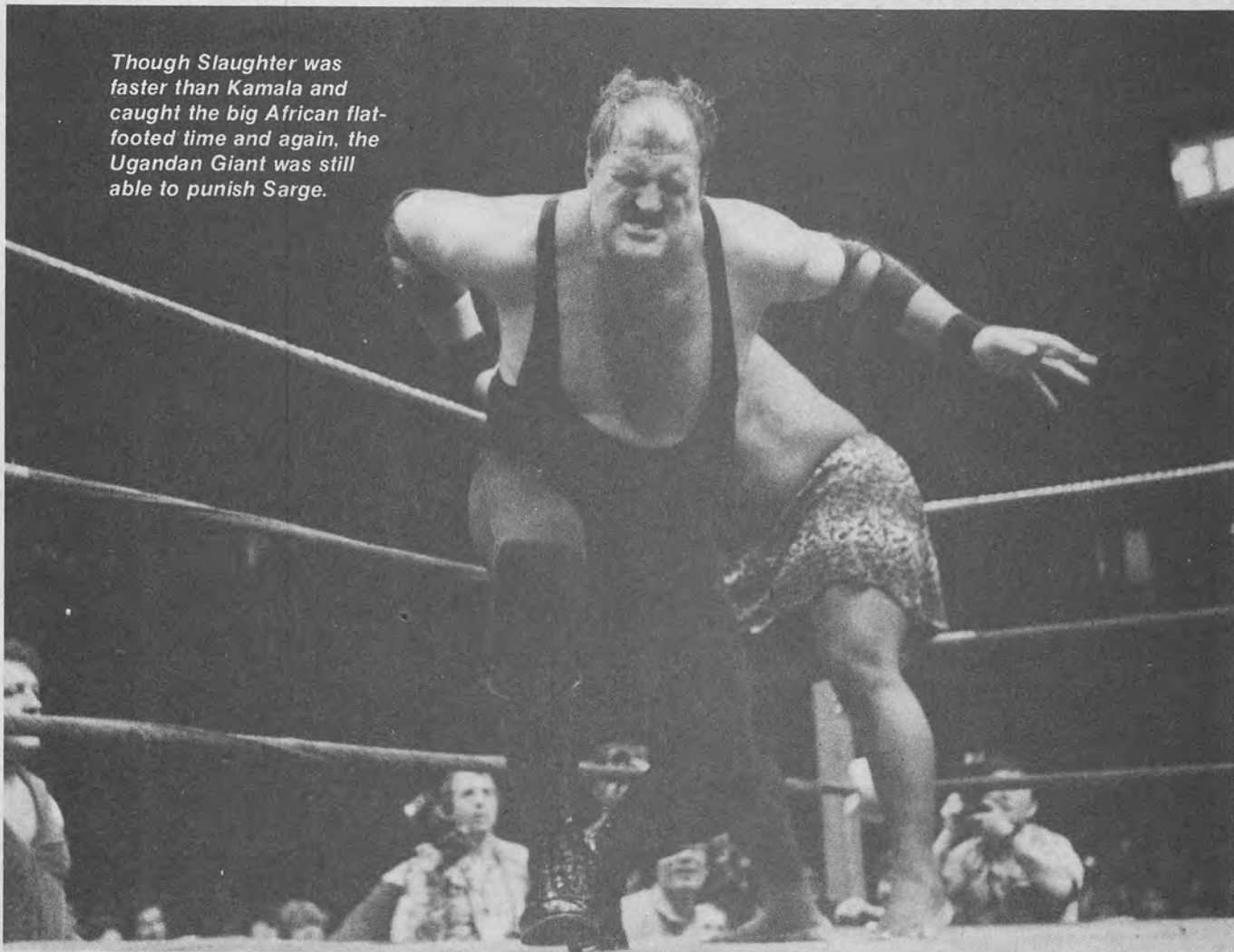
Before the ink was dry on the contracts, the Sarge established himself as a champion. In the much-publicized, and now historic, 12-tag team Battle Royale in the New Jersey Meadowlands, Slaughter made the unprecedented decision to go into this contest alone. Sarge's partner, Crusher Jerry Blackwell, had been injured in a previous battle and was unable to wrestle.

Near the end of the carnage it was down to three teams: The Road Warriors, Kamala and Billy Robinson, and Sargeant Slaughter! It was only a matter of moments before Slaughter curbed the Road Warriors by hurling them both over the top rope.

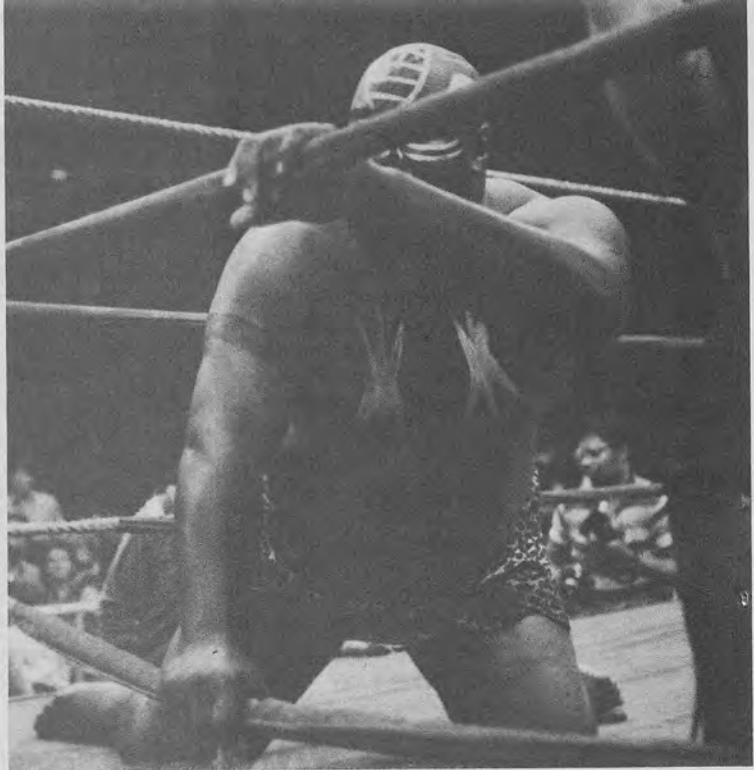
Now only Kamala, the Ugandan Giant, and his partner Billy Robinson stood between Slaughter and the \$100,000 prize. The Sarge tore into Kamala in those final moments of battle. Already battered and bloody, the ex-marine tapped some secret



*Though Slaughter was faster than Kamala and caught the big African flat-footed time and again, the Ugandan Giant was still able to punish Sarge.*







***"No prisoners will be taken!" seemed to be the battle cry of both men as they took turns punishing each other.***

reserve of inner-strength or inner-hate, and managed to throw the 360 lbs. giant over the top rope, and pin Billy Robinson for a clear victory.

The Sarge had won! The fans went wild, rising to their feet, cheering, knowing that they had seen wrestling history being made.

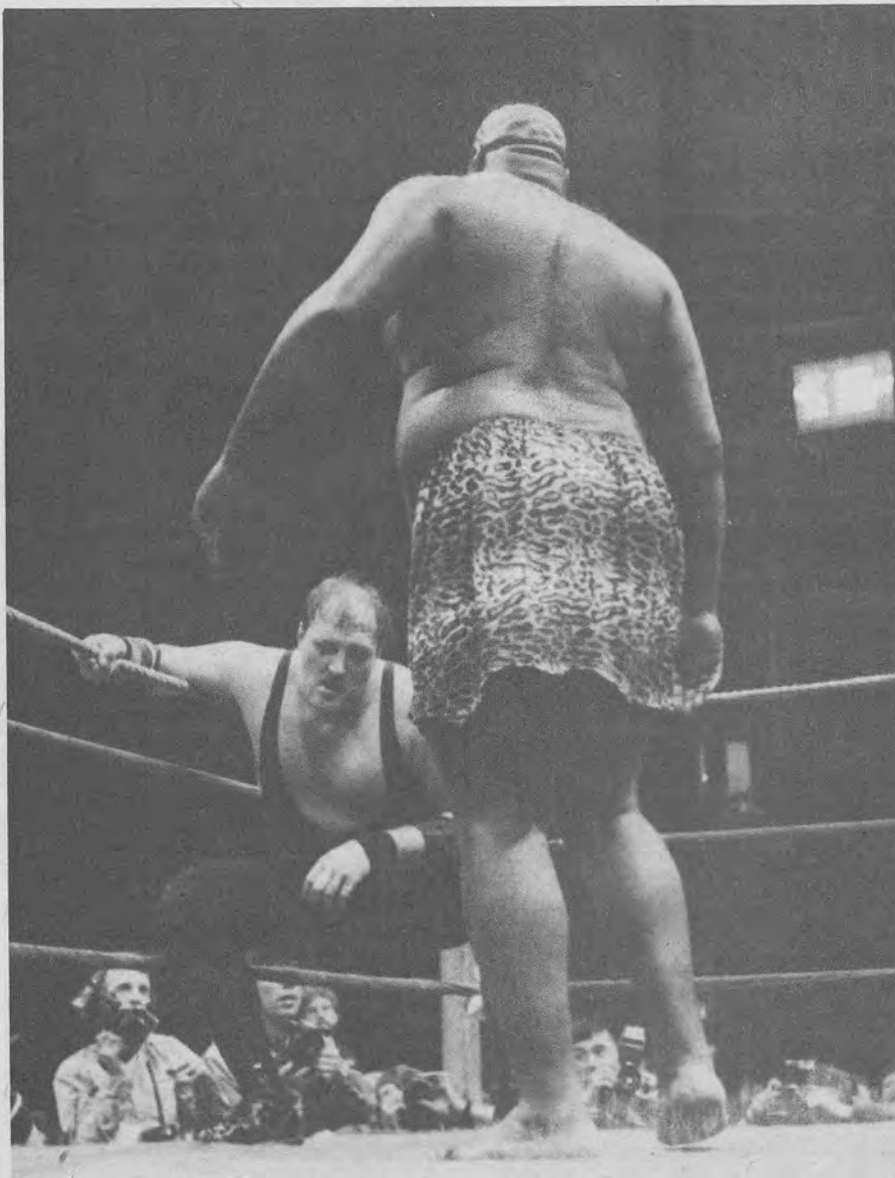
But sometimes winning is not enough. Sailing over the top rope, Slaughter fell on the Ugandan Giant, bringing the powerful savage into the famed Cobra Clutch. It was then that the spectacle turned to mayhem. Billy Robinson recovered enough to join the ring-side melee as Slaughter and Kamala now went at it.

Then, just when it looked like Kamala and Robinson were about to get the best of a true American Hero an angry mob stormed from their seats, chasing the Ugandan and his partner into their dressing room.

The feud was on. No one who witnessed that match believed for a second that a mere \$100,000 would cause men to fight so fiercely. Both Slaughter and Kamala were motivated by something more powerful than money—**HATE**.

In a matter of weeks a Ugandan Death Match was scheduled for Slaughter and Kamala. The two men went at it in the New Haven Coliseum. That night the fans witnessed a rare display of grisly brutality as Kamala and Slaughter clashed in fierce combat.

But once again, Robinson came to



the Ugandan's aid, smashing Slaughter from the comparative safety outside the ropes, while Kamala's manager Skandor Akbar blocked the sickening display from the judges. With Slaughter dazed from the ambush, Kamala wasted no time in tossing him over the top rope, and when the Sarge could not make it back into the ring, the officials granted the victory to the Ugandan.

The third match in the bloody feud was billed as a Ugandan Stretcher Match, the loser to be carried away on a stretcher. This time the Sarge called on his old foe turned friend, Baron Von Raschke, to act as his second. Kamala once again brought both Billy Robinson and manager Skandor Akbar to the match. The Sarge and Kamala both knew that it would be no ordinary match, and from the sound of the first bell, the pair fought for all they were worth. Kamala, billed as the "most powerful wrestler in history," used every dirty trick in the book against Slaughter's more scientific style of wrestling. Then, after many grueling minutes, Kamala gained the upper hand.



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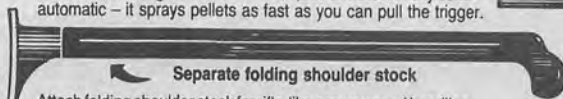
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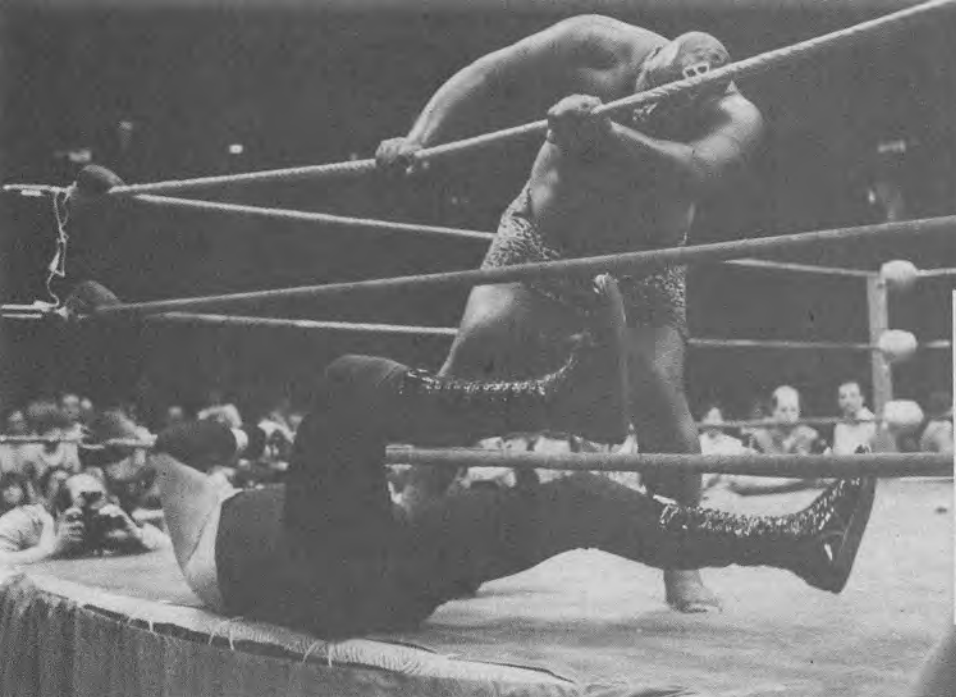
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*Finally, when neither man could get the best of the other, it was an outsider, Kamala's corner mate Billy Robinson, who turned the tide. With Robinson's help, Kamala was able to suplex Slaughter to the floor on the concrete floor outside the ring. Any less of a man would probably have suffered a broken neck!*



Picking the 316 lb. Slaughter up as if he were lifting a rag doll, Kamala viciously drove the big man over the top rope, head first into the cement floor—a fall that would have killed an ordinary man.

But Slaughter is no ordinary man—the super-patriot was merely out cold.

The final bell sounded, but just as they were rolling Slaughter on to the stretcher he recovered and bounded to his feet. Perhaps not even hearing the bell that signaled the end of the match, the Sarge tore the stretcher from the attendants' hands and took off in a blind fury after Kamala, Billy Robinson and Akbar, who had been triple teaming the Baron. From then on pandemonium broke loose. When the dust settled and the tapes were reviewed,



the match was again awarded to Kamala.

"If I lose this match, I'm quitting," Slaughter said soberly as the Boot Camp Cage match was announced. So far the patriot had suffered two major blows, losing twice in combat to a man he considered a "maggot." And, as any Slaughter fan can tell you, as intensely as the Sarge enjoys "stepping on maggots," he equally hates losing to them.

### **Cage Match**

The small area of the fifteen foot high cage would be the final battle ground between Kamala and the Sarge. Not many men would willingly step into an iron cage with Kamala. It's not enough that the nearly four hundred pound giant is from Uganda, that wonderful country that gave us Idi Amin, but not even those close to the painted terror deny the rumors of Kamala's past cannibalistic tendencies.

But, the Sarge was all for the match. Indeed, he didn't look at the impenetrable cage as a trap, but as a way to keep "Kamala's stooges" from interfering with the contest.

The final match was one of wrestling's bloodiest feuds. As the final bell



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sounded and the cage was opened, the lantern-jawed grappler from Parris Island emerged victorious at last.

Some wonder if the increasingly violent and dirty matches Slaughter's had to fight has changed his persona. Rumors have begun to fly. Fans have started talking about how Slaughter's feud with the Ugandan Giant may have done irrevocable damage. A case in point is Slaughter's recent win of the America's Title from Larry Zbyszko.

"I was robbed in front of 10,000 witnesses," claimed Zbyszko after the Chicago match in which Slaughter defeated him. "He couldn't beat me fair and square, so he had to cheat. He had to cheat to win."

### **Zbyszko's Complaints**

True, Zbyszko's whining may just have been that of another vocal malcontent, but it's not exactly the kind of complaint fans are used to hearing about the Sarge. Even after Slaughter granted and won a rematch against the "New Living Legend" (as the Sammartino protege Zbyszko is fond of calling himself), a dark cloud still hung over the victory.

Defenders of Sgt. Slaughter contend that Zbyszko is, after all, the guy who said, "If you want to win, wear the guy down with four-second choke holds. Everything is legal in the ring until the ref counts to five." But, does the loud-mouth Zbyszko deserve the same kind of treatment that the Sarge dished out

for a wide variety of foreign menaces, from Russians to Iranians to Ugandans?

In the end many were left thinking that the price the Sarge paid to win the America's Title was too high. Has the American Hero with a heart of gold become corrupted by his repeated encounters with "maggots and scum"? Has he sunk to their level?

Many cite Slaughter's first battle against Rick Flair for the NWA title as another example of his inability to command once again plain all American competitive spirit. Staged in Baltimore, the battle was fought back and forth until the sound of the final bell found Sarge holding Flair in an inescapable Cobra Clutch. Hearing the bell the Sarge went wild. In a flash the big man jumped from the ring and snatched the belt from the time keeper's table. Amid cheers and boos, Slaughter held the belt high over his head, displaying it for the capacity crowd. Was this anyway for an American Hero to act? Where was the gentlemanly Slaughter his fans remembered?

### **Disqualified!**

The belt, however, did not change hands. Slaughter was disqualified for hurling Flair over the top rope previous to pinning him with the Cobra Clutch. The Sarge was irate when informed of the final verdict, his tirade sounding

much like that of Larry Zbyszko's.

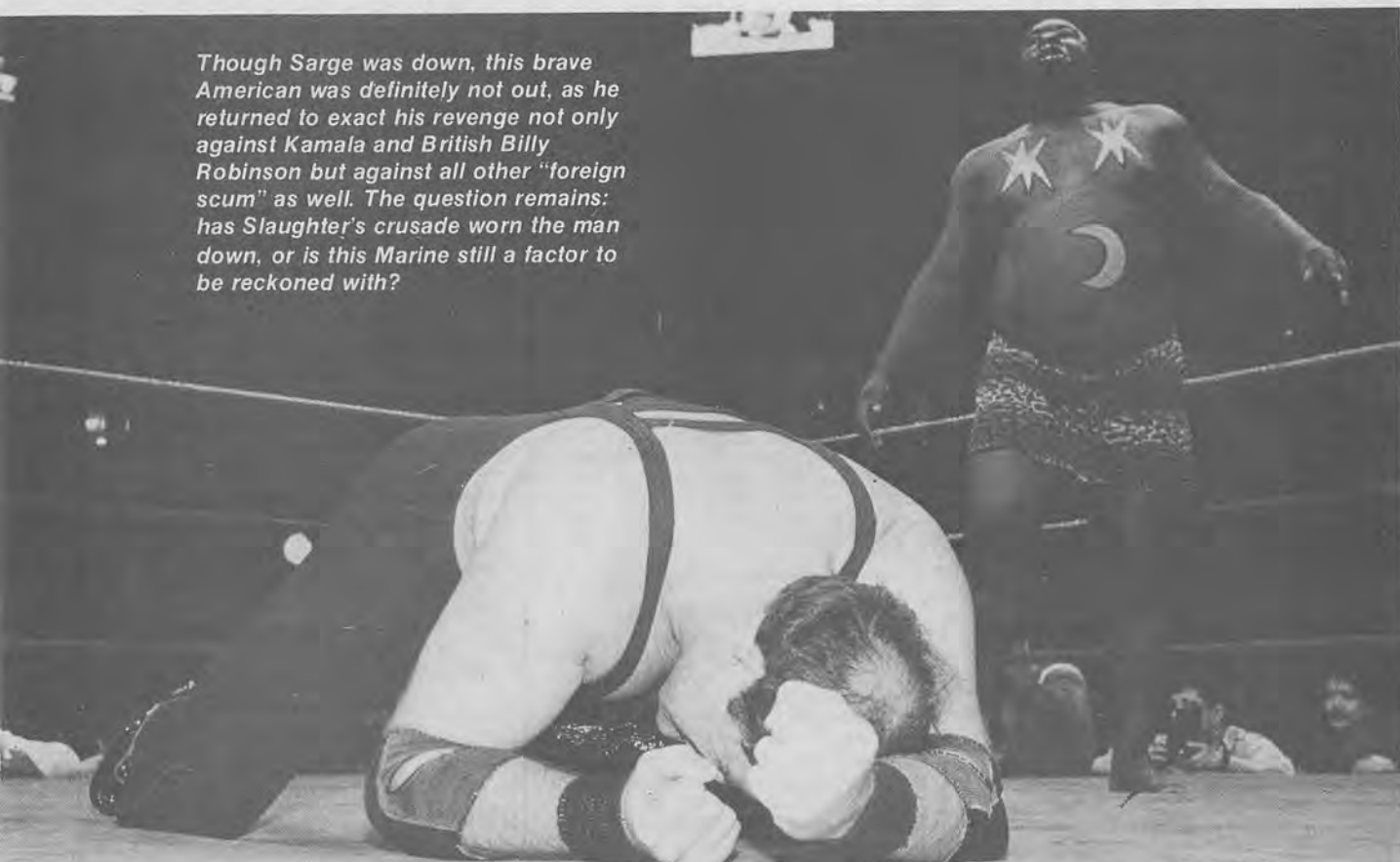
The second confrontation between Slaughter and Flair took place in the Philadelphia Convention Center, and is credited with being one of the wildest, if not confusing battles ever staged in that Historic City.

The Sarge had Flair on the run, and fans could clearly see how with only a little luck the NWA would soon have a new champ. But, just as Slaughter was about to make his final move, he (accidentally?) caught the referee in a clothesline. When the unfortunate official finally recovered, he predictably disqualified Slaughter. Flair, once again, kept his belt.

And yet, in match against Nick Bockwinkel the Sarge did not seem himself. Perhaps because of his wavering popularity or perhaps because he was unable to summon up that high level of hate that made him a superstar, his performance that night appeared downright lazy.

There is, however, one hopeful sign in sight. Recently Slaughter has teamed up with Greg Gagne, son of wrestling legend Verne. The two have agreed to work together within the AWA as a tag team. And, already fans have noted that the seasoned Greg Gagne has become more aggressive, maybe teaching others can help Sgt. Slaughter regain some of his old magic, for it would be a shame if he only wrestled at his peak ability against "foreign scum."

*Though Sarge was down, this brave American was definitely not out, as he returned to exact his revenge not only against Kamala and British Billy Robinson but against all other "foreign scum" as well. The question remains: has Slaughter's crusade worn the man down, or is this Marine still a factor to be reckoned with?*



# Turo Tanaka: **LEGEND FROM JAPAN**

By Henry Schlesinger

**A**nother perfect day in L.A. The movers and shakers of the entertainment industry hunch conspiratorially over expensive lunches. They talk points, concepts and sequels. They are even talking about professional wrestlers, perhaps Hulk Hogan or Sgt. Slaughter, but just as likely about Professor Turo Tanaka.

As traffic pumps through the arteries of the freeways, Tanaka is at ease in his suburban L.A. home. If anything, the Japanese warrior seems to have gotten bigger, more mountain-like, and he seems to have almost unbelievably mellowed. He settles back and prepares to tell his story.

"I put heart and soul into wrestling," Tanaka says. There's a peaceful quality about the large, Buddha-like face, a hint of humor in his seemingly gentle eyes.

## **Violent History**

It's hard to believe that this same man, with playful eyes and musical Japanese inflected voice, was once the most hated and feared man in the WWF (then the WWWF). But it's true. Wrestling fans will remember that during the 1960's and 1970's Tanaka defeated opponent after opponent in a steady climb up the ranks. It was a violent and often bloody odyssey that brought him from Japan, to Hawaii and finally to the squared circle and matches with Bruno Sammartino.

"Oh yes," Tanaka chuckles pleasantly, "I've wrestled Sammartino, many, many times. I remember many times when we fought in front of sold-out crowds all over the United States."

Tanaka's voice is eerily calm now as he talks about one of the most bitter and heated feuds in mat history. His feud with Sammartino lasted years, during which the two hurled epithets back and forth across the pages of virtually every wrestling publication. After one particularly dirty battle, Tanaka labeled Sammartino, "...one of the dirtiest wrestlers I have ever faced," an

*Turo Tanaka is considered the Japanese 'Sammartino'—though some experts consider the Oriental the out-and-out superior wrestler.*



**He battled the great ones like Sammartino and Morales—when wrestling was a real battle—and not a game like today!**

outspoken and purely scientific wrestler, Tanaka also condemned American wrestlers as a gang of "common brawlers."

Brawlers or not, many of the Sammartino/Tanaka bouts were close indeed. Although Tanaka was almost unanimously hated at every venue, even the most ardent Sammartino fans often felt a tinge of doubt at some of the decisions.

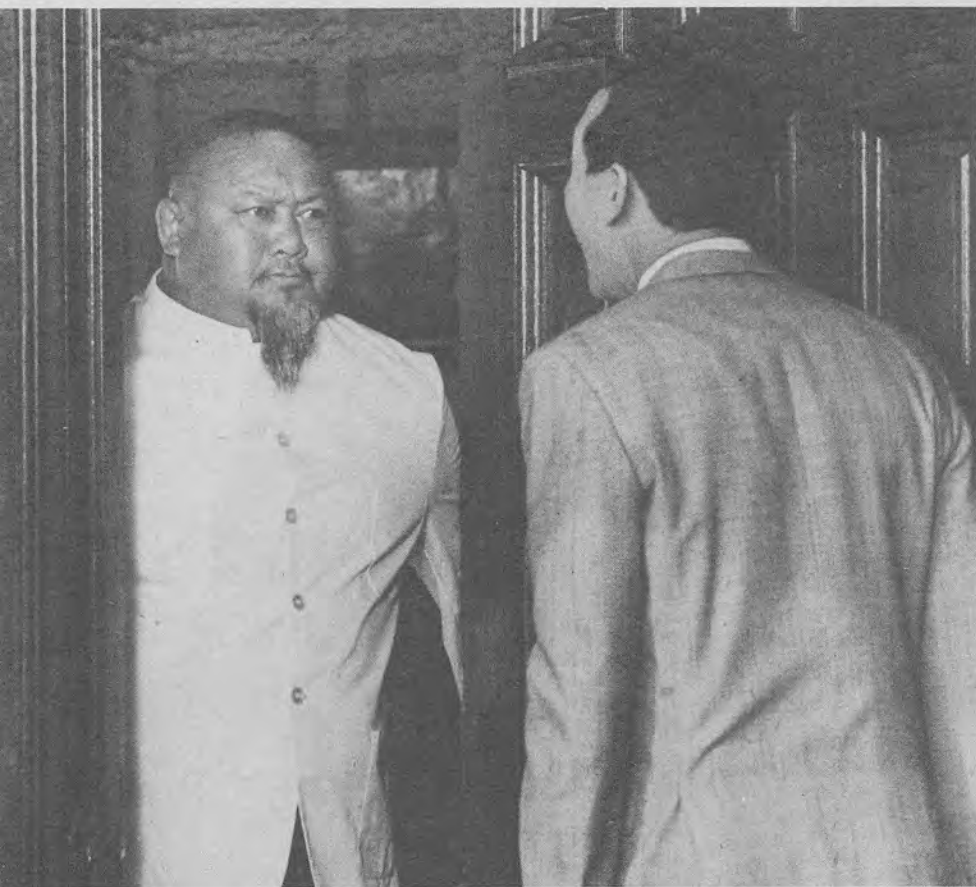
Tanaka never captured the heavyweight title, but he did hold many other titles, both alone and with tag

team partners, including the most memorable Mr. Fuji. Tanaka held title both here in the United States, and in Japan, Australia and Europe. Many of his bouts with the likes of Sammartino, Rivera and Strongbow have become classics.

## **Scientific Technique**

Strictly a scientific wrestler Tanaka was silent when he entered the ring. He began each bout with a short ceremony, clad in traditional kimono





***Lately Tanaka has been busy opening doors in Hollywood.***

and keta (wood tongs), he purified the ring with salt. "I did my work physically, without a lot of talking. But, I believe that I got my point across," he says smiling. Often his "point" would leave spectators as well as opponents stunned by the sheer speed and skill with which he executed his moves.

"My best moves? They were the ones that happened so fast that my opponents couldn't see them," Tanaka chuckles. Among the many devastating holds in his arsenal was the Shion-Nomati, a deadly sleeper hold which required only five to ten seconds of pressure.

Today, Tanaka is well into his second career. Although he still wrestles, competing with the newly formed California Wrestling Federation, he is also in the midst of a budding acting career. So far the former mat star has appeared in such films as Chuck Norris' *An Eye For An Eye*, and *Missing In Action, Part Two*,

***In 'Missing In Action 2' Tanaka is shown brutalizing Chuck Norris.***





**Tanaka has fit in well in the adventure movie business. But then wrestling prepared him well. Many times he played the hero; many more the villain.**

as well as comedy films like *Volunteers* and *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*. He has also played roles in numerous TV shows, including *Airwolf*, *Crazy Like A Fox*, and *The A-Team*. In addition he has also worked on a commercial for Diet Coke and a David Lee Roth rock video, *Just a Gigolo*, for which he good naturedly donned a grass skirt.

Although Tanaka's parts have been comparatively small, he exhibits the same patient determination he displayed when he first entered wrestling, nearly thirty years ago. "I remember when I first started out, I said that I'd like to be the Main Event at Madison Square Garden—that was years and years ago—but when I was ready, I was the Main Event. Not once, but several times," he says.

Indeed, and although it dates the 6 foot 230 pound champ some, he was the Main Event for the last professional wrestling card presented at the 'old' Madison Square Garden, before it was torn down. On that card he went up against none other than his arch nemesis Sammartino, in a bout that went the time limit. Tanaka was, however, disqualified.

"Everything takes time," Tanaka says sagely, "movies and acting are no exception, neither is wrestling. Everything I set out to do, I set out to accomplish the right way. When the time came, I knew I'd see my name



**Turo Tanaka in action in the squared circle.**

up on the Madison Square Garden marquee. Everything takes time."

If Tanaka is confident, so is his agent Coralie Jr. "He has a real presense," she says, "He's easy to cast. So far he's had roles which portray him as a heavy, a bad guy." This is hardly surprising, since Toru spent most of his mat career hearing the boos as he entered the ring. But, as the serene Tanaka said in an interview a decade ago, "the boos don't bother me anymore. You might say I've gotten used to them."

Ironically, Tanaka has begun to

be cast as a comedian. He just finished his first comedy role in a recent film. A part his agent says "he handled just beautifully."

And, if a movie career weren't enough to keep him busy, Tanaka also recently opened a wrestling school, The Turo Tanaka Academy of Wrestling in Van Nuys, California. He's opening the school in hopes of teaching new wrestlers the art he's been perfecting for decades.

### **New Breed?**

When asked about the new breed of professional wrestlers, the elder grappler snorts, "That young crowd, they've added music and a lot of gimmicks. It makes wrestling look like a circus. Sometimes I turn on the TV to watch a match, and then turn it right off when I see them acting like clowns. They don't realize they're making asses out of themselves."

Tanaka also doesn't think too highly about the recent trend toward aerial style wrestling. "In the end, you get down to the fundamentals—

## **Tanaka has recently opened a wrestling school, The Turo Tanaka Academy of Wrestling in Van Nuys, California.**

the fundamental holds. We wrestled closer to the mat. We wrestled hard. When we got hurt, we really hurt. Those aerial styles are no match for the traditional moves."

The Professor isn't just spouting his aged opinions though, in a recent match he added new credibility to his opinions by wrestling and beating a relative new-comer Jay Strongbow, Jr.

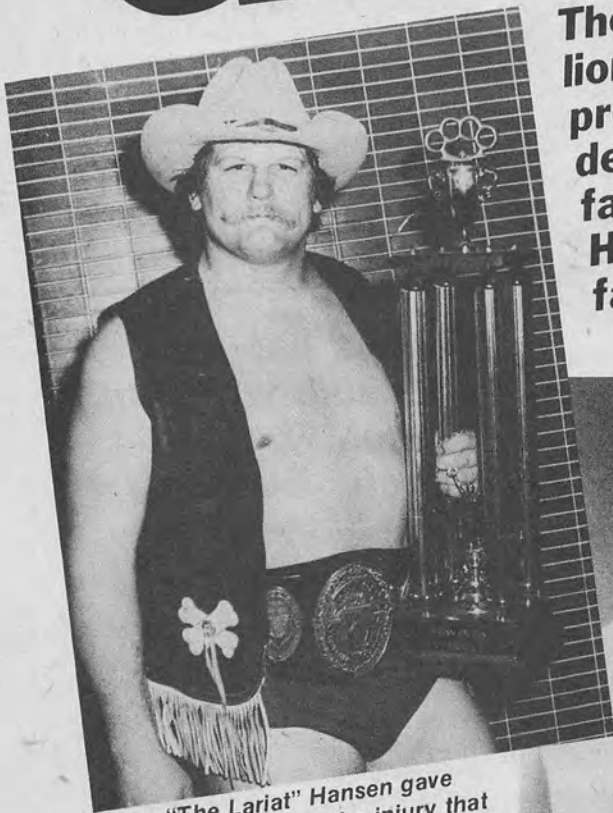
"Oh, he was young. And the young kids, well, they think the old timers are washed up. Well, they better think again. I showed him," Tanaka says, giving a little laugh. "Oh yes, I pinned him, and taught him a little lesson too. The old timers? We're not washed up by a long ways."

In another recent match, Tanaka went head to head with Pedro Morales. The two pros brought the excited crowd to their feet again and again, exhibiting a rare display of the art of wrestling. But, before a clear winner could emerge from the battle, both contestants were disqualified for 'roughing up the ref.'



# WWF CAVALCADE OF CHAMPIONS

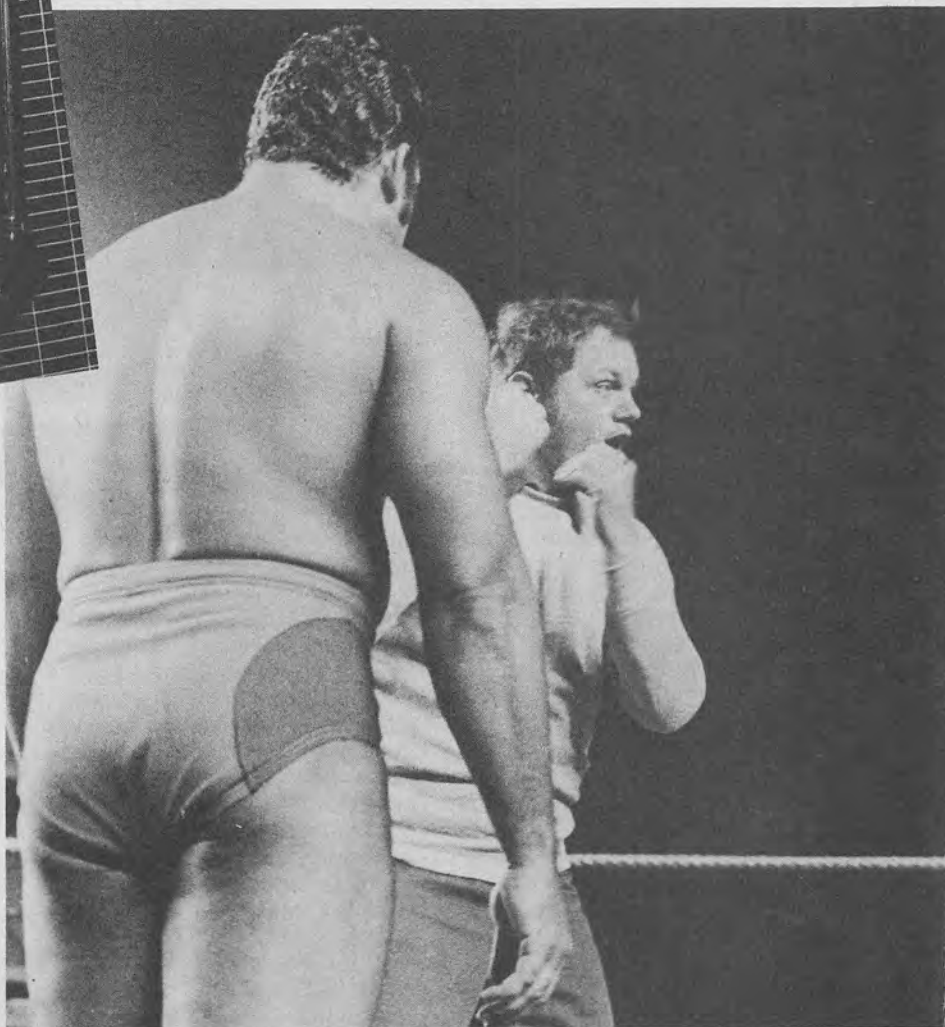
The World Wrestling Federation claims a lion's share of the glory now accorded to professional wrestling—does the WWF deserve top billing, or is their claim to fame only so much overblown hype?! Here's one well-reasoned argument in favor of the WWF.



Stan "The Lariat" Hansen gave Bruno Sammartino the injury that led to Bruno's retirement.

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

**T**he World Wrestling Federation has come under considerable critical fire in the traditional wrestling media throughout the past year and a half primarily because of the new promotional directions it has elected to pursue. Relatively young, the Federation was formed in 1963 by veteran promoters Vince McMahon Sr. and Toots Mondt, who disagreed with the championship policies of the National Wrestling Alliance, the sport's oldest governing body. A babe in the woods, then, compared with the more established NWA and AWA leagues (formed in 1948 and



1960, respectively), the WWF has nonetheless grown to epic proportions within mere months, lending the sport of professional wrestling the greatest media visibility it has ever experienced.

Despite the poison pen commentary currently directed its way, the WWF, boasting an array of over 200 top name and preliminary grapplers, has always been the stomping grounds for some of the finest ring talent in active competition. Most importantly, the Federation, in its brief history, has showcased a plethora of the finest calibre championship level wrestlers available the world over. The 9 men who have proudly worn the WWF world title belt have typically demonstrated a wide variety of the most highly regarded wrestling skills and physical attributes, as well as the rare ability to incorporate them into winning strategic packages.

Comparison, have long been made between the reigning world champions of the WWF, NWA, and AWA, and several large scale, though unsuccessful, title unification matches have taken place through the years. But how might the

champions of the WWF itself have fared against one another in a hypothetical "Timeless Tournament of Titleholders"?

Nature Boy Buddy Rogers, the former Camden, New Jersey police officer, and the first man ever to wear the WWF belt, also holds the distinction of being a former NWA world titlist. Though he started off his career as Herman "Dutch" Rhode, the wily originator of the lethal piledriver soon adopted flashier ring trappings, as well as an infinitely more memorable and marketable ring alias, primarily to compete with the late, great Eddie Graham of Florida. The controversy over whether it was Rogers or Graham who first

bested by the flabby boxer "Two Ton" Tony Galento in his 1947 pro wrestling debut. Rogers suffered damage to 2 vertebrae as a result of Bruno Sammartino's crushing backbreaker, the devastating submission hold which caused the cagey veteran to relinquish his grasp on the WWF title.

Despite Sammartino's convincing victory over Rogers on May 17, 1963,



**Superstar Billy Graham took the title but only held it 10 months.**

**Sammartino-Pedro Morales—the all-time classic championship bout.**



**Hulk Hogan now reigns supreme though with strange challenges from John Studd and Roddy Piper (Right).**

developed the figure four leglock has remained unresolved through the years, with each star maintaining his own version of the dreaded hold to be the original and most devastating. Rogers has long been heralded as one of pro wrestling's all time greats, and boasts convincing victories over such luminaries as Pat O'Connor, Johnny Valentine, Bobo Brazil, Killer Kowalski, and the late Antonino Rocca. However, Buddy Rogers was decisively beaten by the 6 time NWA champ Lou Thesz on several occasions, was steamrolled by the legendary Bruno Sammartino in a mere 48 seconds, and was even







hardnosed critics nonetheless believed the massive 27 year old rookie incapable of defending the title for any significant length of time. Bruno, who relied primarily on his prolific physical strength alone at that point in his career, soon developed greater speed and flexibility and began to dominate his important title matches with an electrifying combination of power, quickness, and stamina that routinely rattled the very bones of the sport's largest and most powerful athletes.

### **Bruno's Opponents**

A veritable who's who of pro wrestling talent met conclusive defeat at Bruno's capable hands, including Big Bill Miller, Cowboy Bill Watts, Ivan Koloff, George "the Animal" Steele, Bulldog Brower, Killer Kowalski, and the gigantic 400 pound Gorilla Monsoon. While Bruno would frequently give away a considerable height, weight, and reach advantage to his opponents, his incredible strength always proved more than sufficient to make up the difference. Sammartino had, in fact, put the wrestling world on notice several

***Representing the new breed of heavyweight champion, Hulk Hogan mixes brute force with accomplished skills to create the ultimate fighting machine.***

times as to the extent of his Herculean power, setting the world bench press record at 565 pounds in 1959 (a mark that would stand untouched in powerlifting

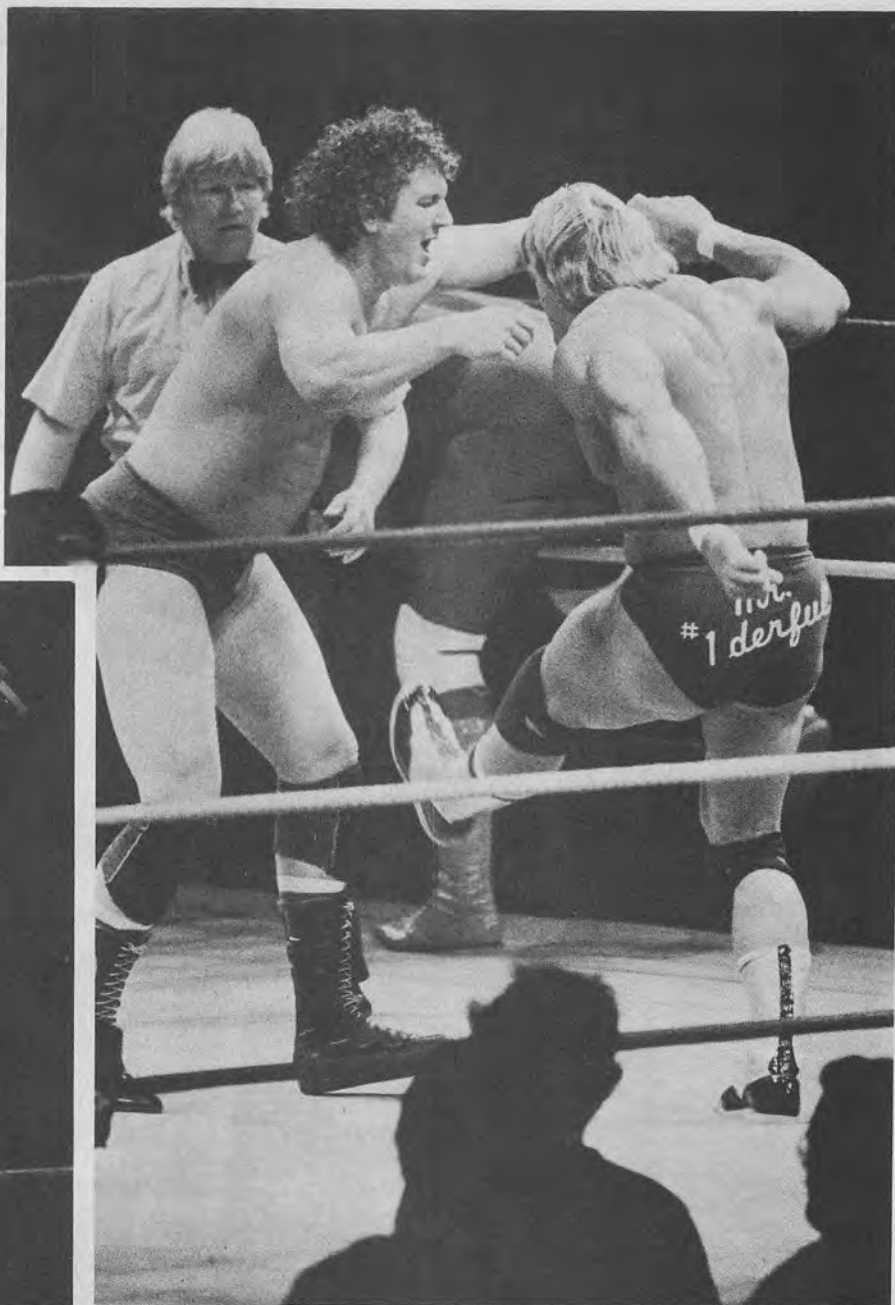
competition for 8 years), and lifting the 620 pound veteran Haystack Calhoun in Madison Square Garden. As testament to Sammartino's worldwide acclaim and recognition, the champion of the still fledgling WWF was given a private audience with Pope Paul VI in Rome during 1966. Practically all recognized experts on the sport of professional wrestling, including referees, promoters, and the wrestlers themselves, are in virtual agreement with regard to one single point of contention—namely, that Bruno Sammartino, in his prime, was the greatest all around competitor in the sport's long and tumultuous history.

Madison Square Garden was silent in disbelief when Ivan Koloff had his hand raised in victory over the legendary champion in 1971. The savage Russian was able to accomplish this minor (?) miracle due to the fact that Sammartino had been injured by a chair wielding George Steele just 3 short days before. Despite Ivan's vast ring knowledge, incredible stamina, and obvious power, he dropped the title shortly thereafter to a fiery Pedro Morales. His long list of prior and subsequent defeats to WWF titlists

Sammartino, Morales, and Backlund proves that the Russian strongman, while impressive, could never truly be considered the equal in ability to any of these all time ring greats.

### **Pedro Morales**

Pedro Morales, the popular Puerto Rican star, defended the WWF title successfully for close to 3 years. In his heyday, Morales commanded tremendous speed, agility, and flexibility, as well as an enviable mastery of dangerous aerial maneuvering tactics. Coupled together with his fine physical power and leverage, these qualities enabled Pedro to turn back the challenges of King Curtis Iruka, Fred Blassie,



***Paul Orndorff is another of the new breed that promises to be heard from in the near future.***

finisher, which felled Morales for the title, never landed against Sammartino (or several other WWF stars including Monsoon and Tony Garea) days later or in the years ahead.

Baron Mikel Scicluna, George "the Animal" Steele, and the Mormon giant Don Leo Jonathan, among numerous others. Perhaps Morales' greatest accomplishment as champion was his outstanding performance against Bruno Sammartino in their 1972 "Battle of the Century", held in the pouring outdoor rain at Shea Stadium. Morales more than proved his mettle, holding the legendary former champion to an inconclusive time limit draw in a textbook scientific

wrestling duel.

Stan "the man" Stasiak, the rawboned brawler from Buzzard Creek, Oregon, surprised the wrestling world (and himself, undoubtedly) by lifting the WWF belt from Pedro Morales in Philadelphia and losing it 9 days later to Bruno Sammartino in New York. Morales, who often allowed his fiery Latin temper to run out of control, may be criticized for his apparent shortage on strategy and tactical planning. Stasiak's dangerous "heart punch"

### **Bruno's Second Reign**

Bruno Sammartino's second title reign, which lasted nearly 4 years (as opposed to the earlier near 8 year reign), saw the living legend defend his laurels against the likes of Spiros Arion, Waldó Von Erich, Olympic Strongman Ken Patera, and the giant ex-footballers Bobby Duncum, Blackjack Mulligan, and Ernie Ladd. Bruno had now trimmed down his massive 280 pound frame to more manageable 255-265 pound





*The Junkyard Dog is said to be the straw that broke the camel's back—that sent Ken Patera into a hasty retirement. Look for JYD to challenge for the Heavyweight title in the next few months.*



proportions, and the 2 time champ was not averse to signing for disability matches, such as his Madison Square Garden outing against 317 pound Bugsy McGraw and Captain Lou Albano. Sammartino incurred a serious neck injury at the hands of Stan "the Lariat" Hansen (breaking his sixth cervical vertebrae and dislocating his third) which put him out of action for several months. Doctors advised the champ against ever returning to the ring, actually, as he had come within a millimeter of being paralyzed from the neck down. Against their instructions, Bruno stunned the world with his unearthly durability and recuperative powers, coming back from the seemingly permanent injury to massacre the much larger Hansen in several return encounters...

Unfortunately, the WWF belt was stolen away from its rightful owner the following year (1977) in Baltimore by Superstar Billy Graham, who illegally draped both feet over the ring ropes to gain the pinfall. Graham, in spite of his remarkable physique, held the championship for

only 10 months, turning back (or, in some cases, merely surviving) the challenges of Gorilla Monsoon, Tony Garea, Dusty Rhodes, Chief Jay Strongbow, and Mil Mascaras. The intervention of WWF newcomer Bob Backlund in the Graham-Mascaras bout of January 23, 1978 virtually destroyed the Mexican mat ace's title aspirations, placing Backlund in the number one contender's spot instead. The tremendously skillful Backlund captured the title from Graham in very convincing fashion the following month.

### **Bob Backlund**

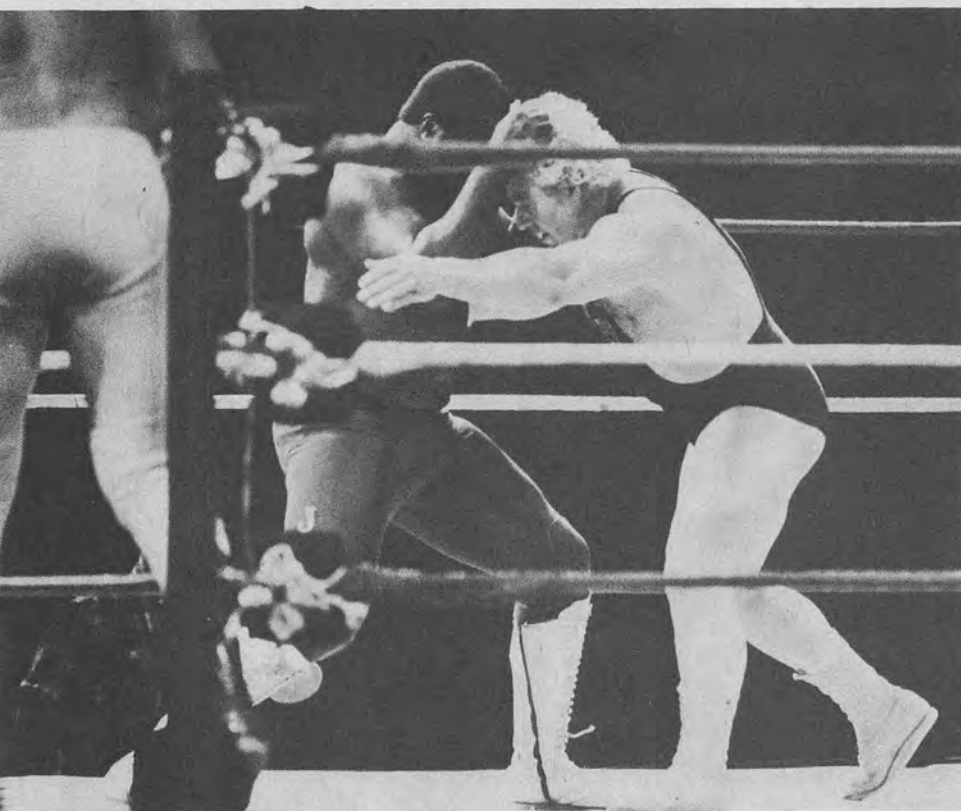
Backlund defended his belt successfully for almost 6 years, decisively upending Graham, Ken Patera, George Steele, Professor Toru Tanaka, the late Peter Maivia, Spiros Arion, and the monstrous Hulk Hogan. Backlund was a consummate perfectionist throughout his long title reign, displaying the greatest all around scientific knowledge ever showcased within the WWF. The Princeton, Minnesota



*Besides his championship, Hulk Hogan is also proud of demolishing Bob Orton who has since disappeared from professional wrestling.*

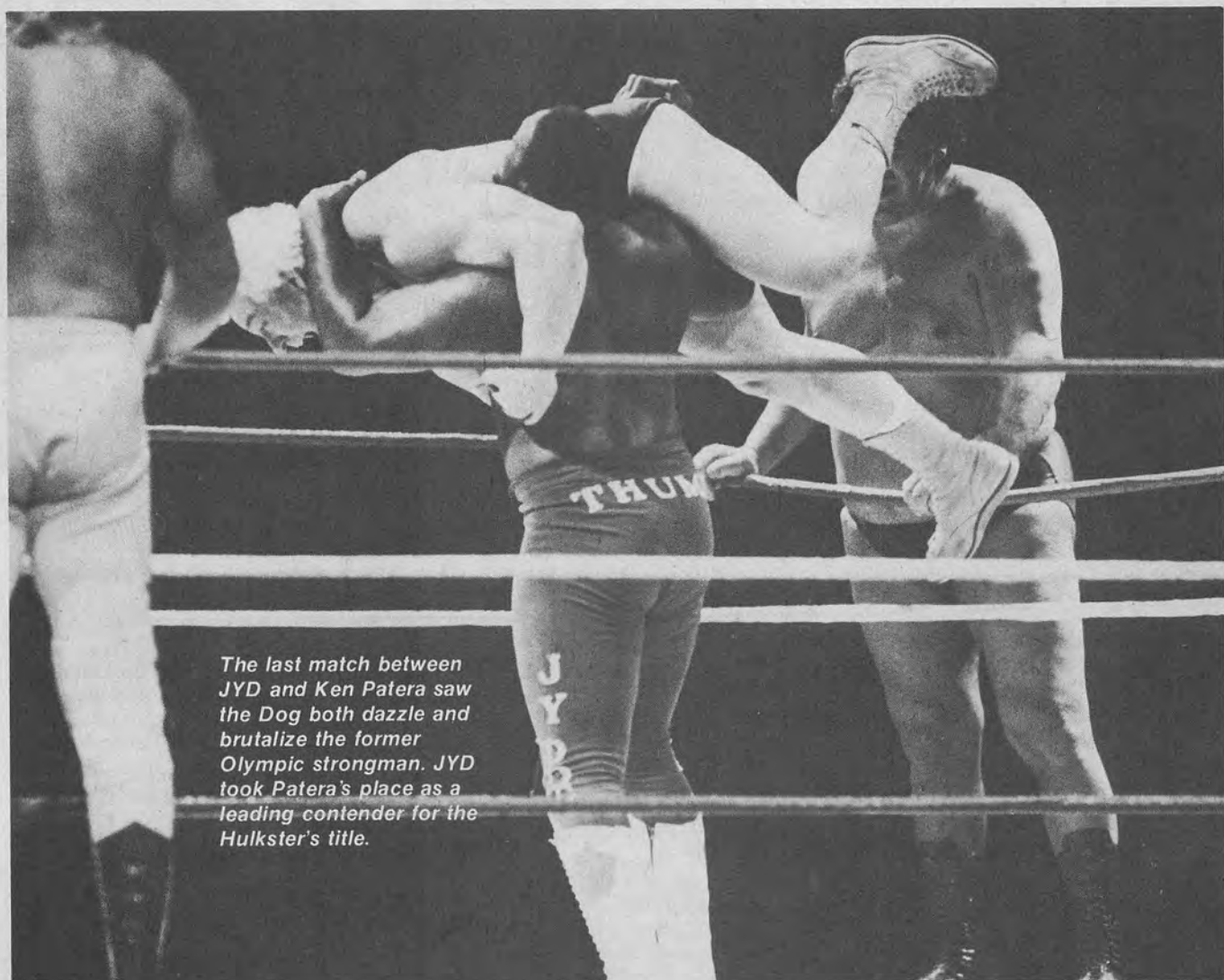
native brought outstanding tactical skills to the world title and was thus able to retain his position for more than twice as long as Pedro Morales, who lacked these selfsame abilities. Bob Backlund is the only WWF titleholder to become an ex-champion without ever conceding a match with a submission or going down to the mat for a 3 count. Rather, his manager, Arnold Skoaland, surrendered the WWF title for him in a December 1983 bout with the Iranian Iron Sheik. Due to an





injury, Backlund was denied a rematch.

The Iron Sheik was matched instead against Hulk Hogan, the Federation chosen replacement, and was sent down to an ignominious defeat by the big man less than one month after illegally claiming the WWF belt. Hogan, WWF champion of the past 2 years, has faced and defeated Big John Studd, Greg Valentine, Jesse Ventura, Don Muraco, and Nikolai Volkoff. By far the largest of all WWF titlists, the Hulkster does not possess wrestling knowledge, speed, stamina, or flexibility commensurate with his awesome size and power. To his credit, however, Hulk Hogan, like Sammartino and Morales, appears to be unrestrained by pangs of conscience, and is always prepared to throw the rulebook out the window at a moment's notice. In this respect, then, he has demonstrated a quality particularly essential for defending a world title in the rough and tumble WWF territory. This ability to meet



*The last match between JYD and Ken Patera saw the Dog both dazzle and brutalize the former Olympic strongman. JYD took Patera's place as a leading contender for the Hulkster's title.*

and surpass unethical title challengers on their own barbaric terms was noticeably absent from the ring repertoire of Hogan's predecessor, Bob Backlund. Hogan has obviously made note of this, having himself been sent down to defeat by Backlund many times. As WWF champion, the Hulk has been careful not to duplicate Backlund's mistakes, maintaining his somewhat unorthodox, rulebreaking style and steadfastly refusing to ally himself with any regular manager.

### **Hulk Hogan Is Rated**

In conclusion, then, Ivan Koloff, Stan Sasiak, and the Iron Sheik are 3 men who held the WWF belt far too briefly to be seriously considered for success in a hypothetical WWF championship tournament. Nature Boy Buddy Rogers and Superstar Billy Graham, who defended the title for longer and more impressive periods, were convincingly beaten by Sammartino and Backlund, respectively. They may only be expected to repeat their past performances if somehow given an opportunity to return to their prime competitive years in this tournament challenge and go up against the other 7 WWF titleholders. Unfortunately, the extremely popular and charismatic Hulk Hogan must be ranked alongside both Rogers and Graham. The Hulkster has been decisively beaten by Backlund in recent memory and would hardly have presented any real threat whatsoever to Bruno Sammartino in the mid-1960's.

It is clear that Bruno Sammartino, Pedro Morales, and Bob Backlund were by far the most capable champions in World Wrestling Federation history. All three possessed outstanding strength, speed, stamina, leverage, and determination. Morales, however, lacked a certain tactical and strategic finesse, and could thus never hope to upend an extraordinary scientific master like Backlund, who is able to map out complicated maneuvers and implement their use 7 or 8 moves in advance.

### **Backlund Or Bruno**

The great Bob Backlund, who is without a doubt the finest pure wrestling technician to grace the professional ranks since Lou Thesz, was often unable to anticipate and defend against the unscrupulous tactics his title challengers would



*Before the match was over—the last that was seen of Patera—the "World's Strongest Man" was begging for mercy.*

bring into play against him. In matches conducted under amateur wrestling guidelines, Backlund has no equal. The differences between amateur and professional wrestling competition, however, are more than considerable. In an all-or-nothing type of contest, Bob Backlund could not hope to stand against Bruno Sammartino as he appeared in the mid-1960's.

Bruno Sammartino, the living legend of professional wrestling, must be acknowledged as the greatest WWF champion of all time. Though Pedro Morales held him to a draw, their clash was a purely scientific one, and thus not indicative of the prototypical championship bout traditionally held for the prestigious WWF belt. Like Backlund, Morales could never turn back an enraged Sammartino. Bruno, however, has long been underestimated in the scientific grappling department. His showings

against Buddy Rogers, Antonino Rocca, and the spectacular giant Don Leo Jonathan indicate forevermore Sammartino's ability to emerge victorious from the more classic variety of scientific wrestling duel, as well as the barroom brawling type of confrontation normally associated with the WWF title. Bruno is the only WWF champ ever to excel at both these highly contrasting grappling styles, and this adaptability, coupled together with his speed, stamina, superior intuition, physical durability, and Cyclopean power have earned him a permanent spot of reverence as the greatest world champion in the Federation's history.

NOTE: Readers are invited to respond to this analysis by writing to: Mighty Mike Kimmel  
Championship Wrestling Magazine  
Modern Day Periodicals, Inc.  
1115 Broadway  
New York, N.Y. 10010



# RIC FLAIR

## Ultimate American Man Greatest Heavyweight !

*In an exclusive interview, 'Nature Boy' explains why he's not only the standard of comparison for all-around athletic excellence but the prime beef model of manhood as well.*

*Flair's showdowns with Dusty Rhodes are already legendary for their ferocity.*



**Text and Photos by Paul Heyman**

**H**e is the most widely recognized champion in professional wrestling, three time holder of the most prestigious belt in The King of Sports. He is one of the most popular—as well as one of the most hated—men in his given profession, but without question he is the most respected champion in recent memory.

"Nature Boy" Ric Flair is the NWA World's Heavyweight Champion, a fact which doesn't surprise many people. Some say the championship is his destiny, that he was born to rule professional wrestling. Others

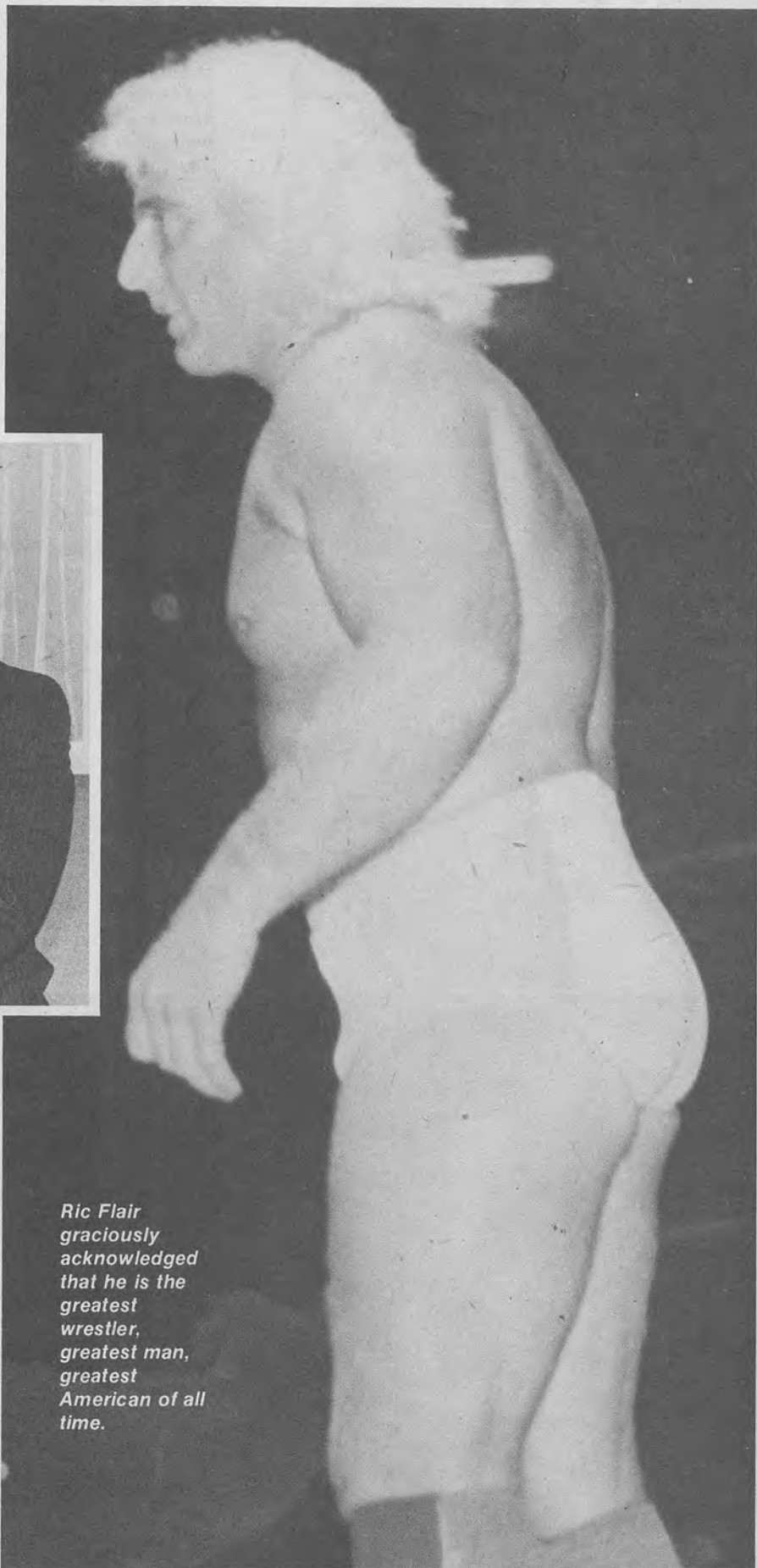


say he is champion simply because he is the best wrestler in the world.

This reporter had the pleasure of speaking with the champion in his dressing room a week before STARRCADE '85.

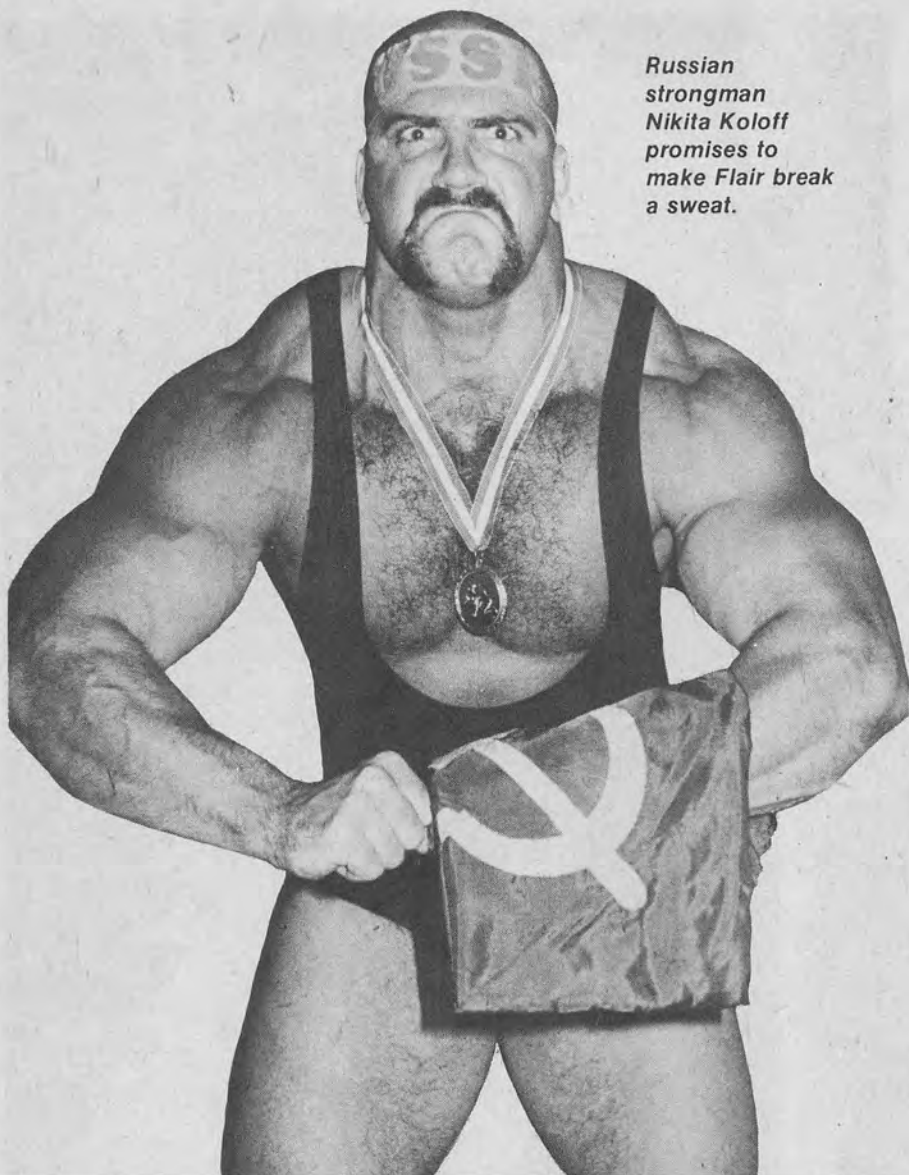
**Q:** As we get closer and closer to Starrcade, what are your feelings towards Dusty Rhodes?

**A:** I think it's about time this situation was settled. Dusty Rhodes has been a thorn in my side since I whipped him for the belt back in '81. He tried and tried, but he couldn't get the belt back from me. So then he becomes this Midnight Rider character, and tries to disgrace the NWA World's Heavyweight Championship by refusing to unmask. Now he's all upset because his leg was broken. Well, Starrcade is it. It's his last chance. And Dusty Rhodes will not walk about with my ten pounds of gold. Uh uh. No way. He'll have to kill me to get this strap!



*Ric Flair  
graciously  
acknowledged  
that he is the  
greatest  
wrestler,  
greatest man,  
greatest  
American of all  
time.*

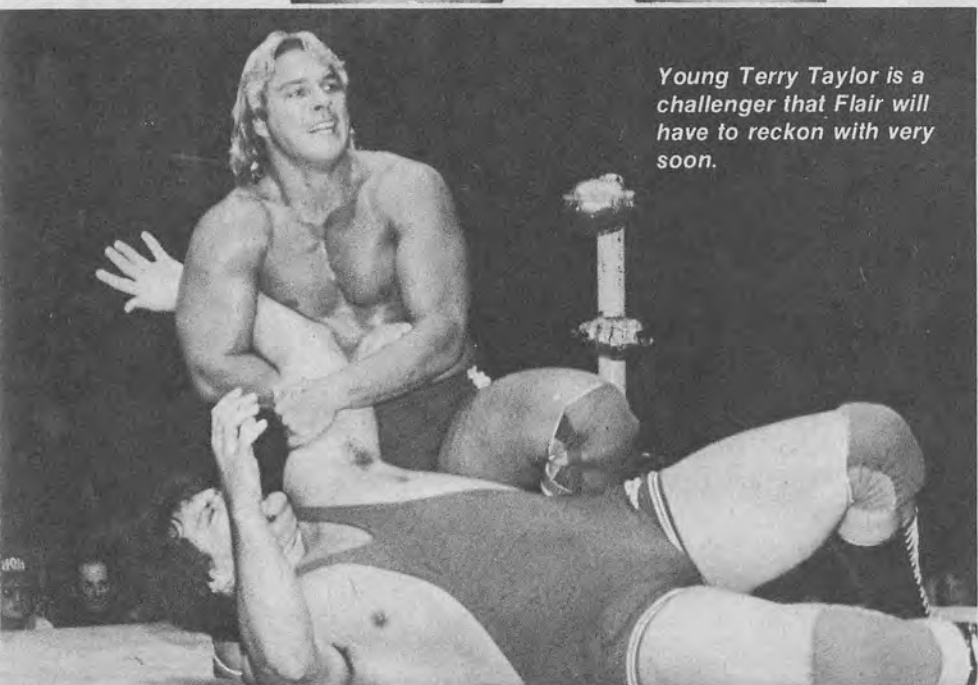




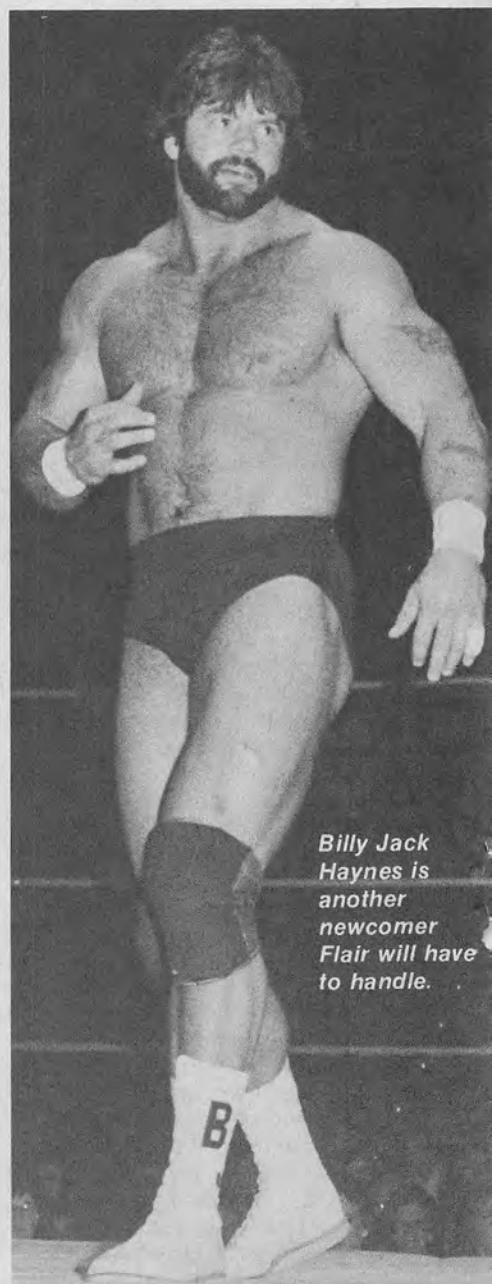
**Russian strongman Nikita Koloff promises to make Flair break a sweat.**

**Q:** *Would you say Dusty is your most dangerous challenger?*

**A:** He's one of my most dangerous, there's no doubt about that. Hey, I've got Ronnie Garvin knockin' on my door; Magnum TA still wants more title matches; Nikita Koloff gets stronger every day; The Von Erichs are still young and hungry; Wahoo, Race, Billy Jack Haynes, Chris Adams, Gino Hernandez, Tully Blanchard, Abdullah The Butcher, Terry Taylor, Buddy Landell, the list goes on; they all want a shot at me. Ric Flair, the most-widely recognized champion in all of professional wrestling. A limousine-ridin', jet-flyin', wheelin'-dealin', kiss-stealin', all around son of a gun! And they're not—NOT—gonna get this strap from me, because I just happen to be the toughest piece of work in professional wrestling today.



**Young Terry Taylor is a challenger that Flair will have to reckon with very soon.**



**Billy Jack Haynes is another newcomer Flair will have to handle.**

*Flair has had trouble keeping Kerry Von Erich deep in the heart of Texas.*



*Barry Windham looms as another challenger from the South.*

**Q:** ...and possibly of all time?

**A:** I think history will judge Ric Flair as the greatest athlete to ever step into the squared circle. I can do it all! I can brawl, I can wrestle, I can suplex, I can apply the Figure-4, I can withstand punishment, I can reverse any maneuver put on me: Come on, who can out-do Ric Flair? I've got style, I've got class, and I'm the World's Heavyweight Champion.

History will judge me along the lines of the Stangler Lewis', the Buddy Rogers', the Verne Gagnes', the Bruno Sammartinos', and the Harley Races'. History will judge Ric Flair as the best there ever was.

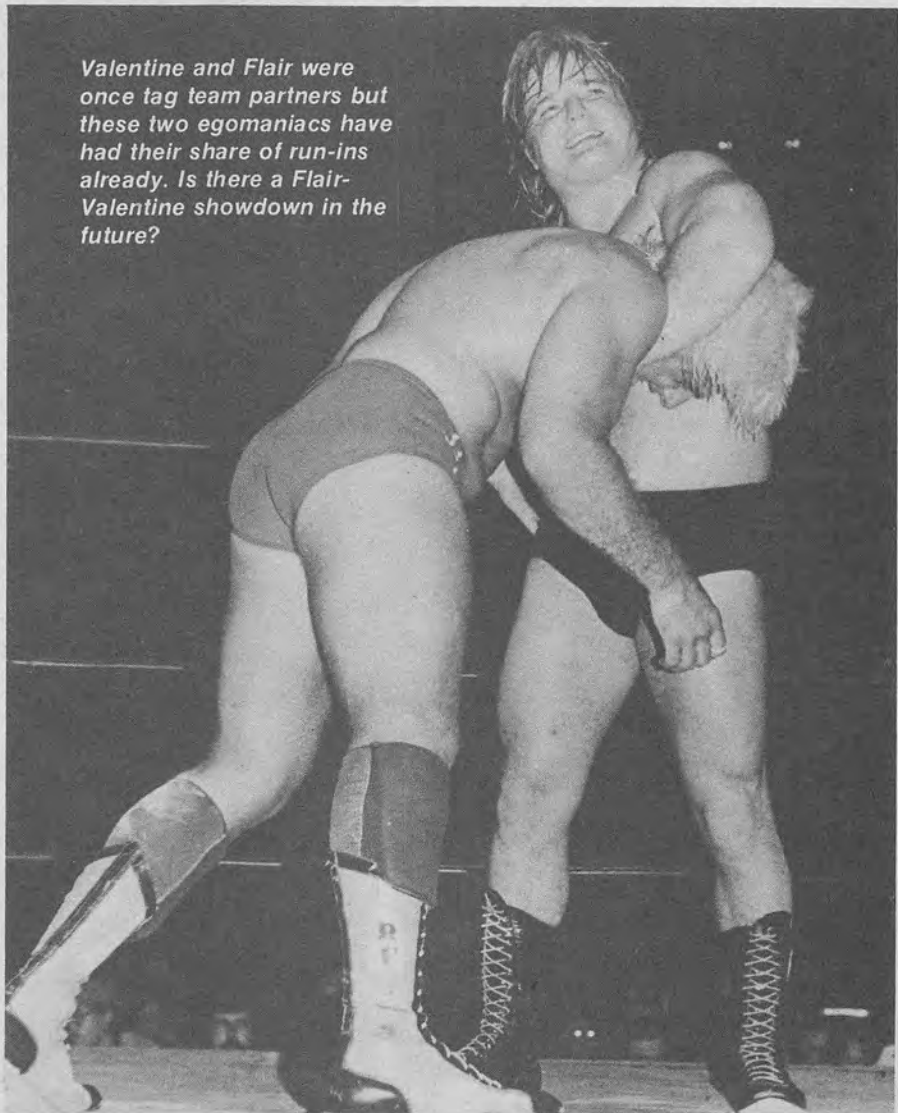
**Q:** You mention Rogers as one of the best. Many people feel that early in your career, you...

**A:** ...oh, don't even start with that again. I laid all those beliefs to rest when I defeated Rogers in the middle of the ring in July, 1979. I proved, once and for all, that I am the true Nature Boy of professional wrestling.

**Q:** You also mentioned Harley Race.

**A:** Harley Race is a seven time champion. There's no taking that away from the man. He was the best in his day. But I beat him in his prime when I was still green! Race is washed up, he's over the hill now. And just because he's a seven time

*Valentine and Flair were once tag team partners but these two egomaniacs have had their share of run-ins already. Is there a Flair-Valentine showdown in the future?*





champion doesn't only mean that he WON the belt seven times, it means that he LOST it seven times, too!

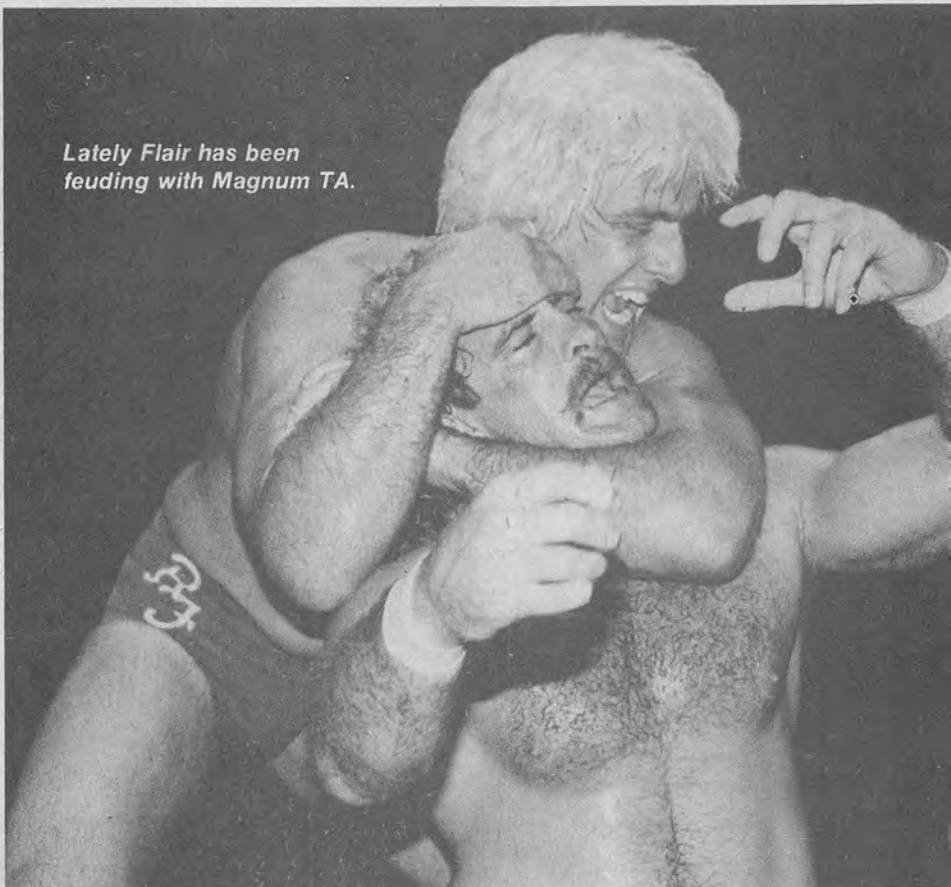
**Q:** *If you will go down—as you say—as the greatest wrestler of all time, why do you continue to wrestle? What's there left to do?*

**A:** The challenge of it all. When you step into the ring with a Magnum TA or a Sergeant Slaughter or a Rick Martel, you are pushed to your very limits. They make you perform at the very highest level you can. I like that. I'm an athlete, I like to be challenged. And I like the glory of being the world's greatest wrestler. The NWA WORLD'S Heavyweight Champion. So I don't care if I'm fighting Carlos Colon, or David Schultz, or Superstar Billy Graham, or Hacksaw Butch Reed; whomever it may be, I know that I will be tested. And when it's all over...when it's all said and done, Ric Flair will be holding his ten pounds of gold.

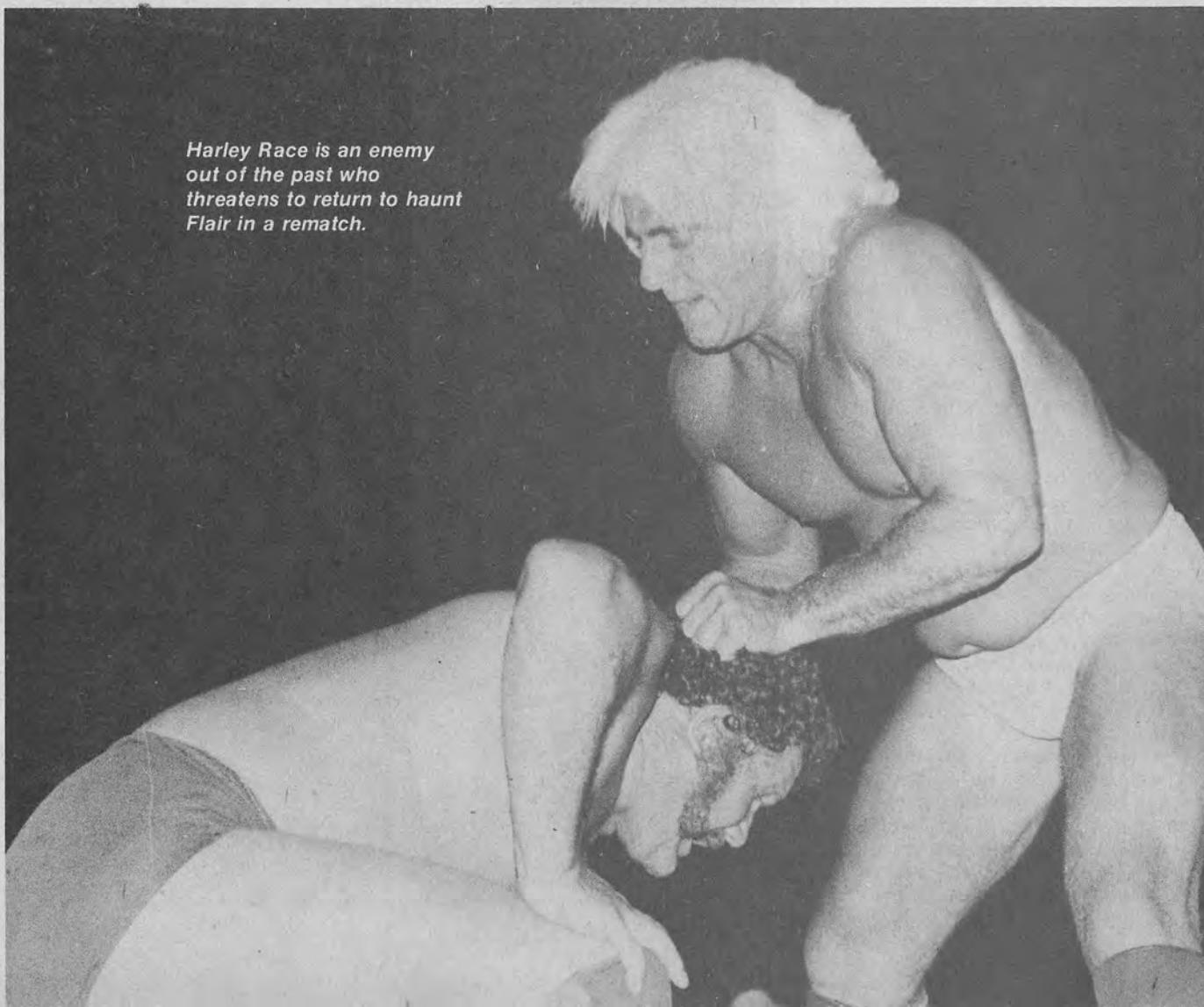
**Q:** *Do you speak to Greg Valentine anymore?*

**A:** Of course I do. Valentine and myself were the NWA World's Tag Team Champions, we beat Ole and Gene Anderson—my cousins—for the belts. We were twice as tough as the Road Warriors, twice as mean as The

*Lately Flair has been feuding with Magnum TA.*



*Harley Race is an enemy out of the past who threatens to return to haunt Flair in a rematch.*



Andersons, and twice as good as any tag team that tried to follow in our footsteps.

**Q:** Then why did the team fall apart?

**A:** Because Greg Valentine's got a big head.

**Q:** You also held the NWA World's Tag Team Title with Blackjack Mulligan, and now his son is one of your leading contenders!

**A:** Blackjack Mulligan was a decent tag team partner, I have no complaints about him. As for Barry Windham, I'm interested in seeing how his experience in the WWF has changed him. I think he's a little too cocky now. The kid probably thinks he's a star or something.

**Q:** Who will succeed Ric Flair? Who, in the next generation, will come up through the ranks and take your place as king of the hill?

**A:** First of all, that's a long way off, Mr. Heyman. Ric Flair will rule the wrestling world for many more years to come. But I see good—really good—youngsters like Magnum, like Kerry Von Erich, like Billy Jack Haynes, like Nikita Koloff, and I see

the future of professional wrestling.

**Q:** I'm surprised you don't mention Steamboat!

**A:** Hey, Steamboat's great, but he's not a young, up and coming wrestler anymore. Ricky Steamboat gave me the toughest matches of my career...he was my best tag team partner, and my toughest opponent. But what he's doing now...he was better off retired!

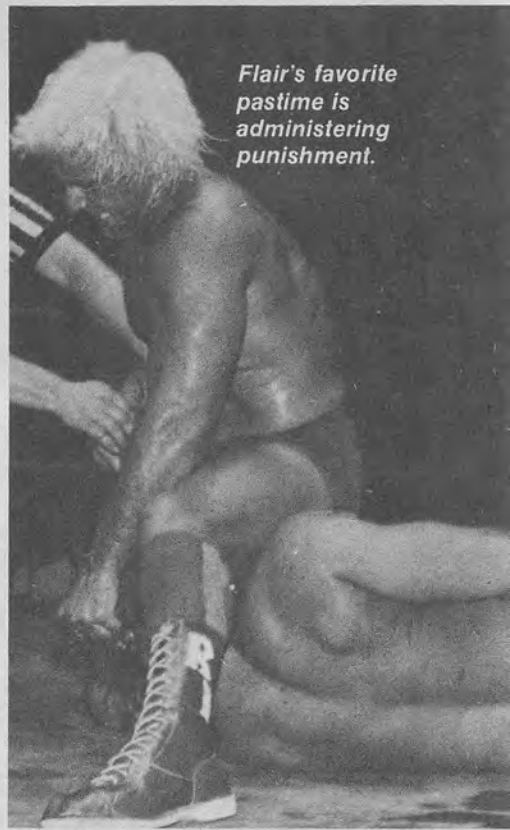
**Q:** With all the new challengers lining up for you in 1986, will you slow down your social calendar a bit?

**A:** Of course not. Hey, I'm Ric Flair, the best in the world at EVER-EE-THING, the world's greatest man. I am what God wanted man to be. I'm the all around male! And Ric Flair will still do up every town he invades, and conquer every challenger that tries to take the ten pounds of gold from around his waist! WOO!

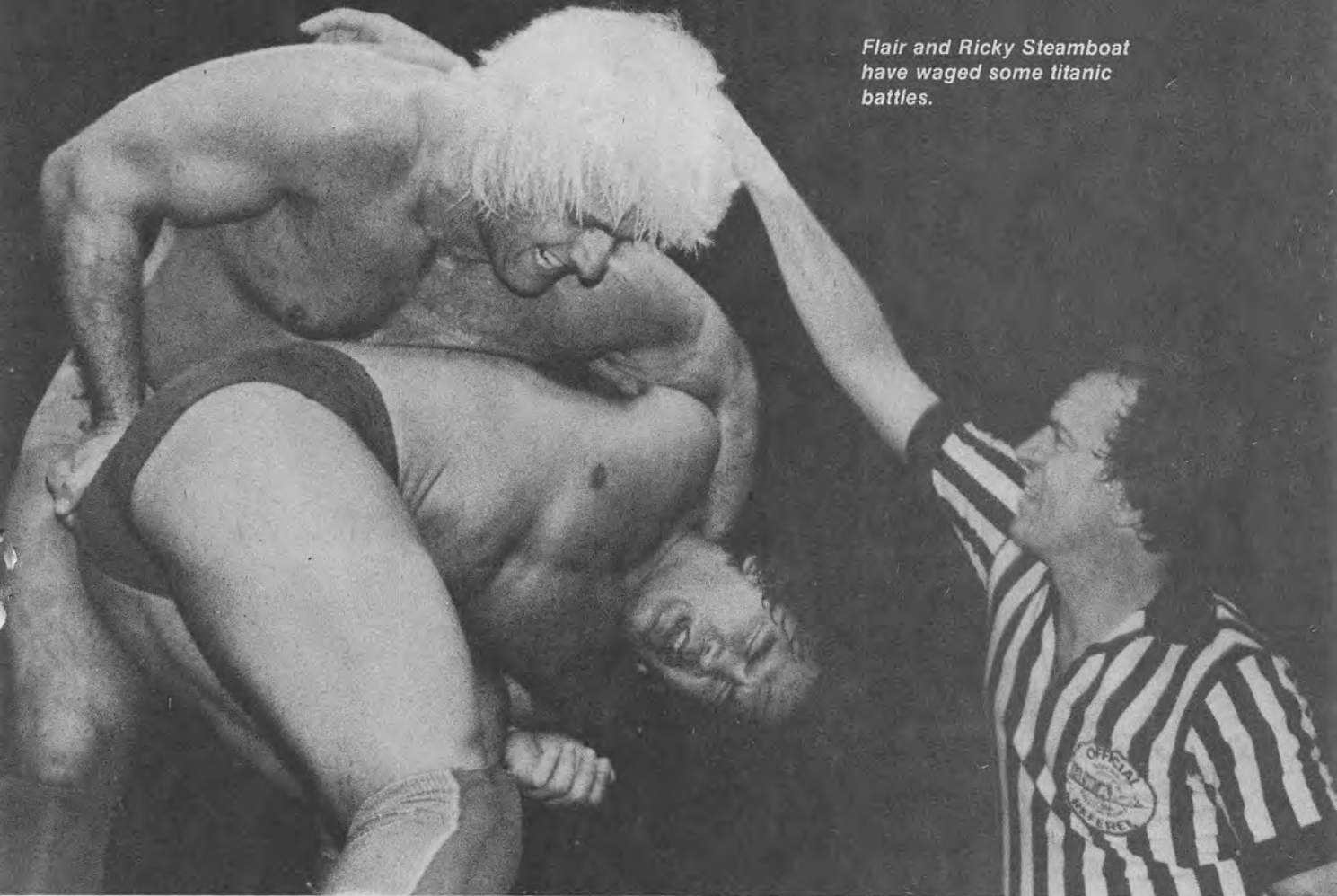
**Q:** Champ, thanks for your time, and best of luck to you next week against Rhodes.

**A:** Better wish Dusty luck, 'cause when I'm through with him, he's gonna be hobblin' around for a long time to come. WOO!

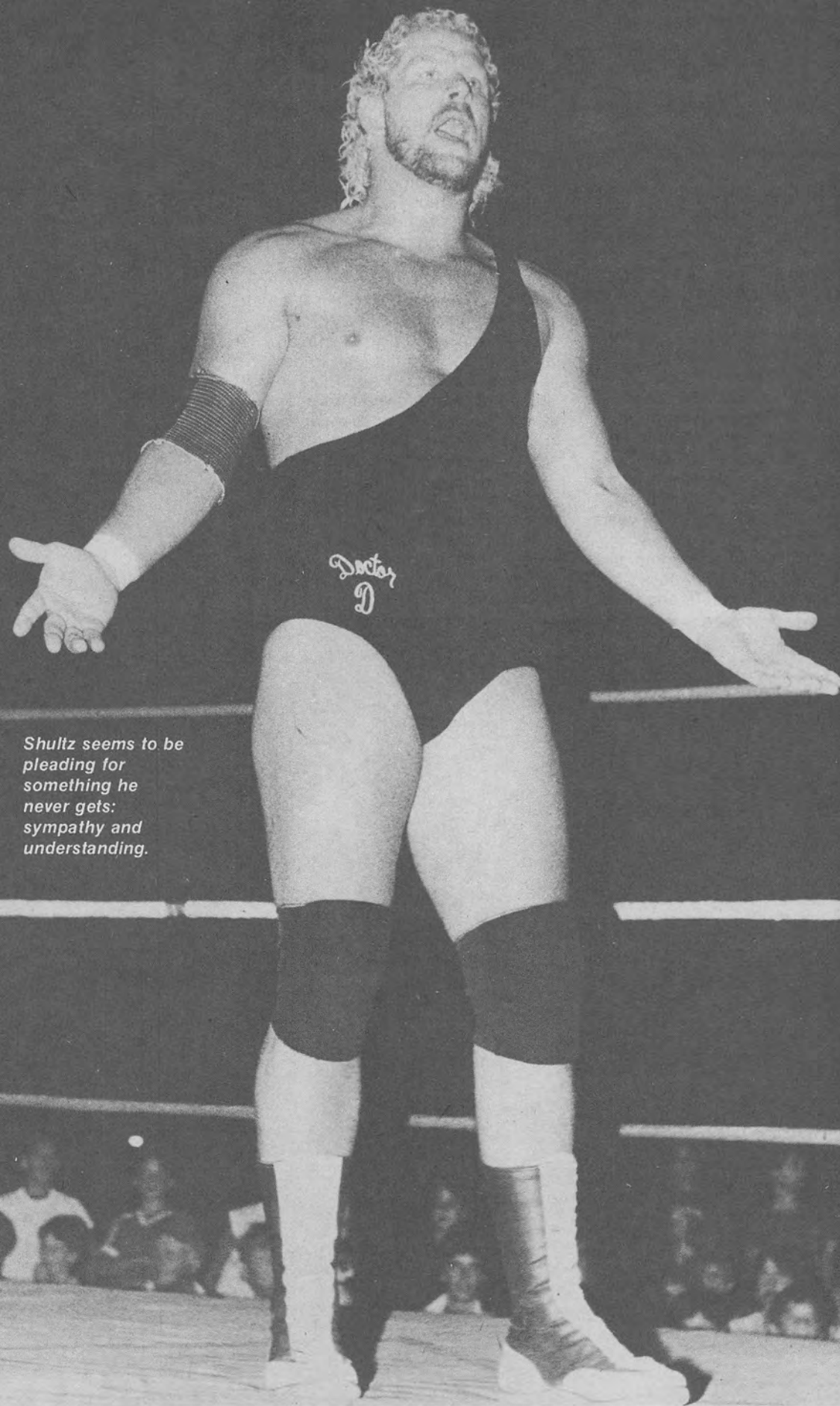
*Flair's favorite pastime is administering punishment.*



*Flair and Ricky Steamboat have waged some titanic battles.*







*Shultz seems to be pleading for something he never gets: sympathy and understanding.*

**"Dr. D" David Shultz:**

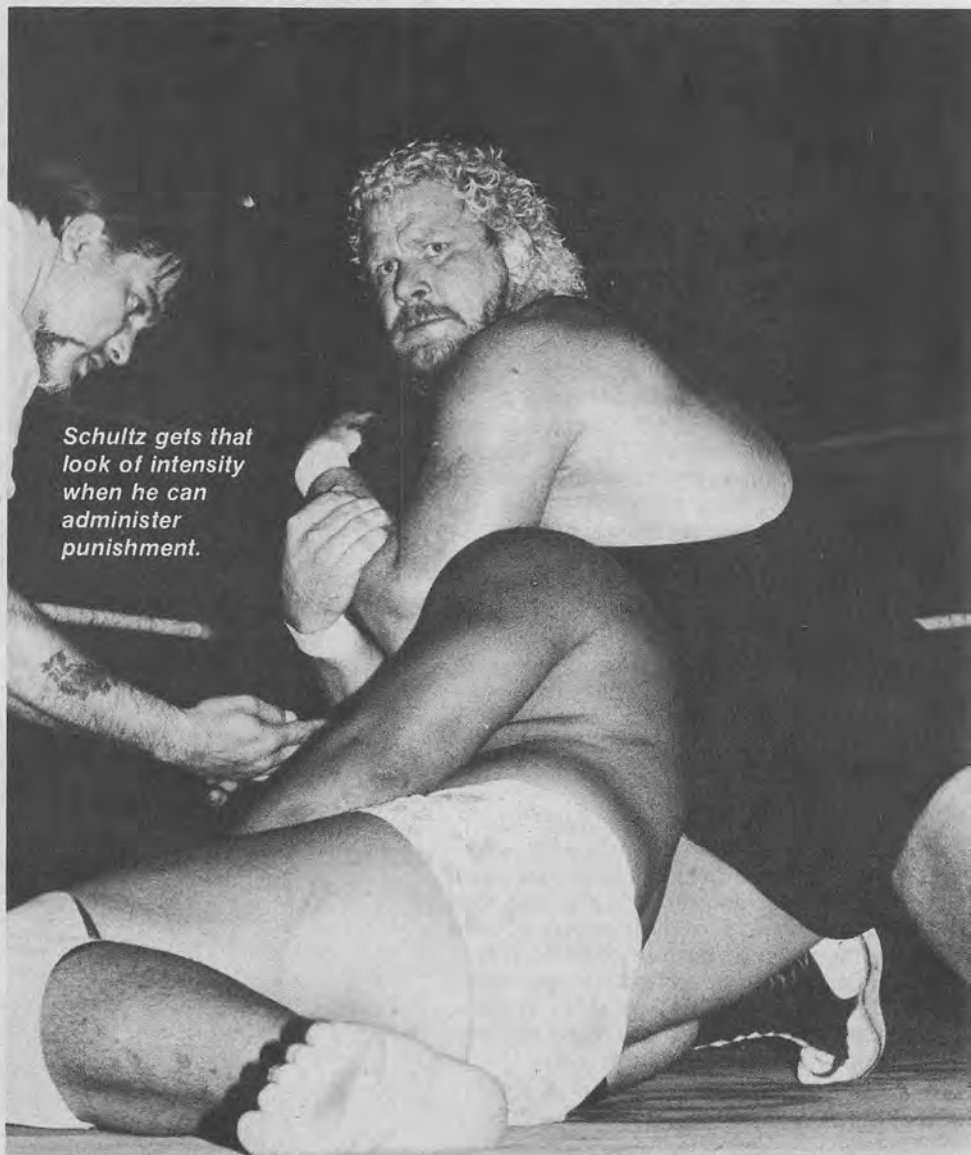
# WRESTLING'S LAST ANGRY MAN

***Dr. D has battled the best and has given them more than their due but this man's uncompromising fighting spirit threatens to get him banned from all professional wrestling. (If you think Dr. D should be reinstated by the WWF and AWA, write us here c/o Dr. D, Championship Wrestling, 1115 Broadway, New York, NY 10010)***

**By Mighty Mike Kimmel**

**A**n 11 year veteran of the ring wars, "Dr. D" David Shultz has faced a veritable plethora of the sport's topmost competitors and titleholders. He has battled both AWA champ Rick Martel and NWA champ Ric Flair to a standstill. In addition, he has faced WWF kingpin Hulk Hogan in several particularly savage struggles, which have resulted in hospital visits and major injuries for both men. Since his rather abrupt departure from the rough and tumble WWF, the very volatile and dangerous native of Jackson, Tennessee has remained a top name main event contender throughout the United States and around the world.

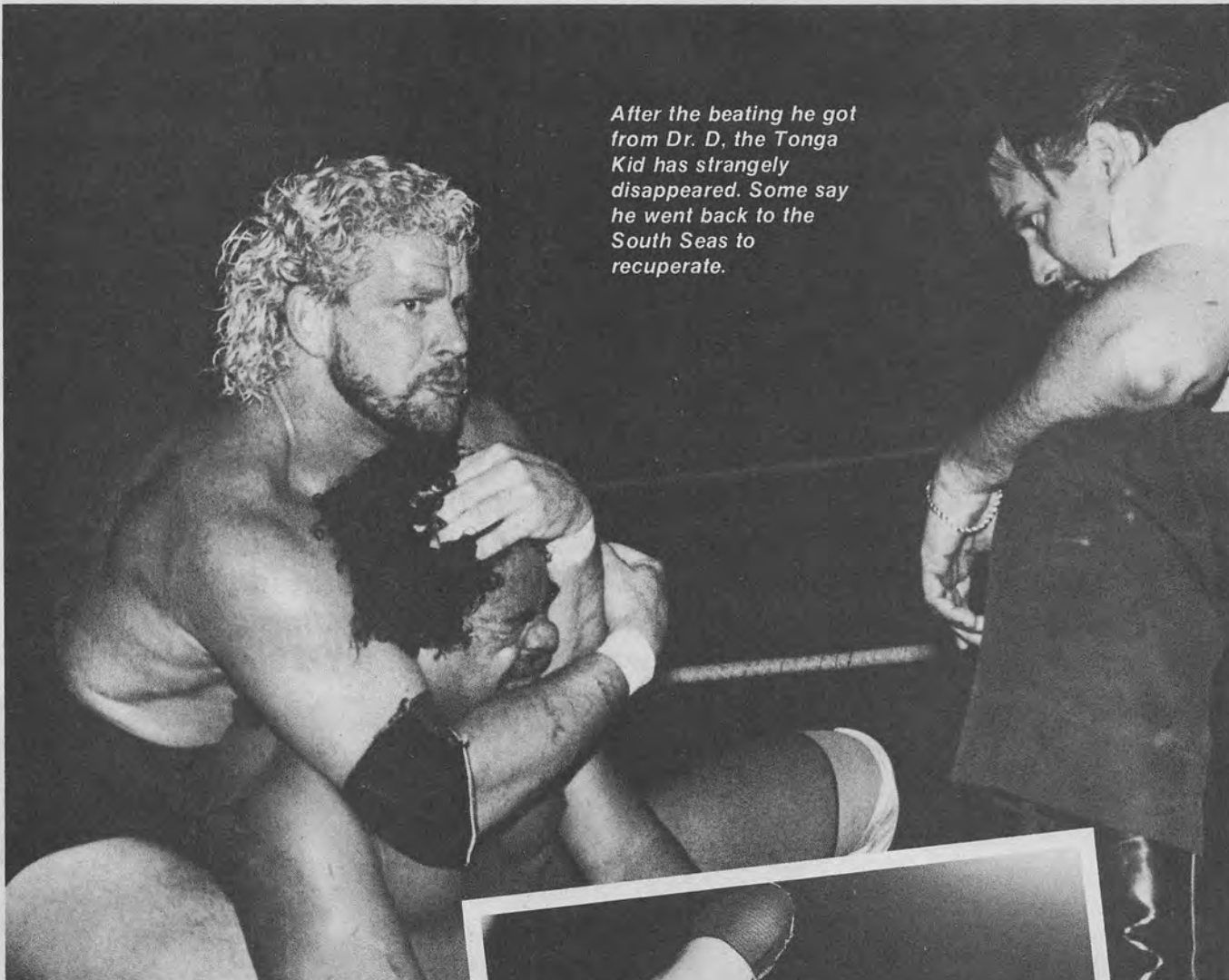
Shultz remains bitter over the circumstances surrounding his exodus from the WWF, however. With the 1 year anniversary of his split with the federation fast approaching, Dr. D adamantly refuses to allow his burning war with Hulk Hogan to cool down. He has frequently demanded "one last match" with the Hulkster and, at different times, has suggested that the match take place within a steel cage (with the top caged in, as well) or aboard an aircraft carrier out at sea (for the benefit of American servicemen). Shultz envisions a "battle to the end" between himself and the Hulkster, with a stipulation that the loser must permanently retire from the sport. Clearly, his attitude towards the highly regarded Hogan and his many open challenges and dressing room confrontations with actor Mr. T contributed substantially to the friction Dr. D encountered with



*Schultz gets that look of intensity when he can administer punishment.*



*After the beating he got from Dr. D, the Tonga Kid has strangely disappeared. Some say he went back to the South Seas to recuperate.*



WWF promoters, as did the highly publicized incident in which he delivered two openhanded slaps to the head of ABC 20/20 reporter John Stossel on nationwide TV.

In addition to the tremendous difficulties Shultz has experienced with the upper management of the WWF, his relations with the AWA movers and shakers have been considerably less than amicable as well. Shultz first began his vicious rivalry with Hulk Hogan under the AWA banner in Minneapolis. When Hogan proved unable to wrestle the AWA world championship laurels from then titlist Nick Bockwinkel and departed the area in favor of overnight stardom in the WWF, "Dr. D" David Shultz immediately followed the big man east, hoping to continue their battles and forcibly dislodge his hated nemesis from the sport's active competitive roster forevermore. This sudden departure of both Hogan and Shultz from the AWA territory in late 1983 left the group with many broken ring engagements during their forthcoming tours and, thus, a great deal of proverbial "egg on the face." AWA broadcasters have frequently

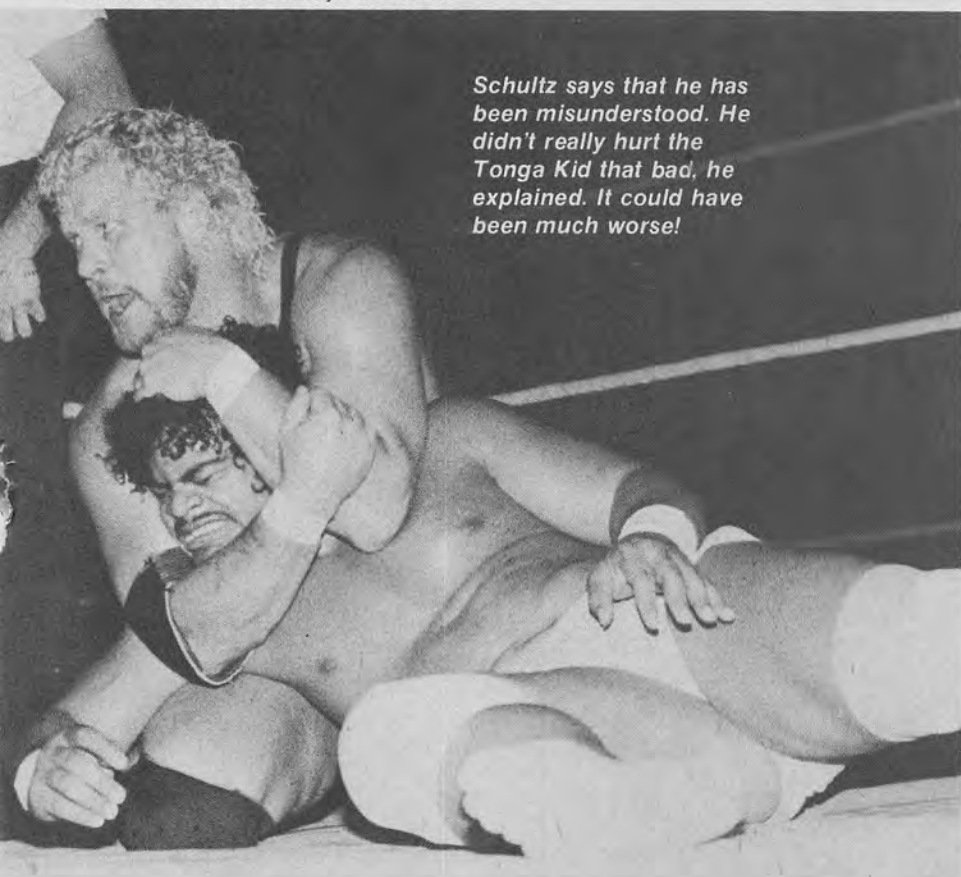


belittled Hulk Hogan's ability in retaliation. Shultz, for his part, was later prevented from rejoining the AWA battles as Sgt. Slaughter's cornerman in the summer of 1985. (Slaughter had been the target of numerous outside attacks throughout his struggles with the Ugandan giant Kamala. When the Sarge elected to bring in Shultz to watch his back in the Meadowlands Arena in New Jersey, AWA officials nixed the idea and forced the popular military hero to select another man. Slaughter selected Baron Von Raschke, who was ultimately unable to prevent outsider Billy Robinson from interfering in the match and piledriving the unlucky Sarge on the concrete floor outside the ring.)

In any event, Shultz has remained quite active in pro wrestling circles, despite the unenviable stigma of being banned from both the WWF and AWA, two of the sport's three largest promotions. Most notably, he wrestled NWA world champion Ric Flair to a hard fought no-contest decision in Warwick, Rhode Island. Shultz has turned down several lucrative offers to wrestle for other wrestling promotions under exclusive contracts. He now prefers remaining a free agent, and is able to pick and choose his bouts at will, maintaining his world class caliber reputation worldwide, as he competes under a number of different promotional banners simultaneously. Shultz is



*Shultz says that he has been misunderstood. He didn't really hurt the Tonga Kid that bad, he explained. It could have been much worse!*



justifiably wary about confining his future activities within any one organization, and values his independence above all else, as it enables him to concentrate his considerable energies upon several unique, new promotional ventures.

Recently, Shultz has graced the arena cards of such promotions as Southeastern Wrestling in Pensacola, Florida; Foothills Wrestling in Calgary Alberta, Canada (Stu Hart, promoter); Don Owens Promotions of Portland, Oregon; DMG Productions of New Jersey (Dennis Galamb, promoter); and Can Am Wrestling of Milford, Connecticut. In addition, he has competed for Jerrett and Welch Mid-South Promotions in Tennessee, where he annihilated top ranked Jerry Lawler three times within two weeks. Although Shultz also wrestled for a relatively new promotion calling itself the TWWF, which matched him against The Wild Samoans, The Tonga Kid and Tonga Kid II, and Jules Strongbow, Dr. D. relates that the competition within this fledgling organization was decidedly below his usual standards of excellence and that he will not wrestle within its ranks again.

*(Continued on page 74)*

**Yesterday's world champion has recaptured a title he never really lost. Without a doubt Backlund is wrestling's true Living Legend.**

# THE RETURN OF BOB BACKLUND

By Virginia "Ginger Snaps" Bowes

**N**early two years have come and gone since Bob Backlund lost the W.W.F. Heavyweight Championship title.

However, we come to you on these few pages not to bury Bob but, in the name of all that is fine in wrestling and beyond, to praise him.

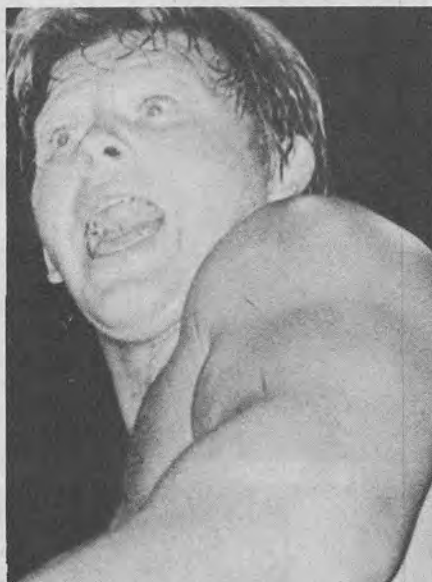
For close to six years, Backlund so proudly wore the crown of Vinnie McMahon's mighty Federation which, and often with damn good reason, calls itself the roughest and best wrestling organization of all.

Whether you agree with Vince on this or prefer instead to go along with those few other individuals in our sport who so loudly proclaim this appraisal as nothing more than a hardcore case of horn blowing on McMahon's part is entirely up to you, but let's not kid each other. The fact remains that to stand center-ring with the W.W.F. belt wrapped around his waist is The Great

White Hope of every wrestler walking God's green planet.

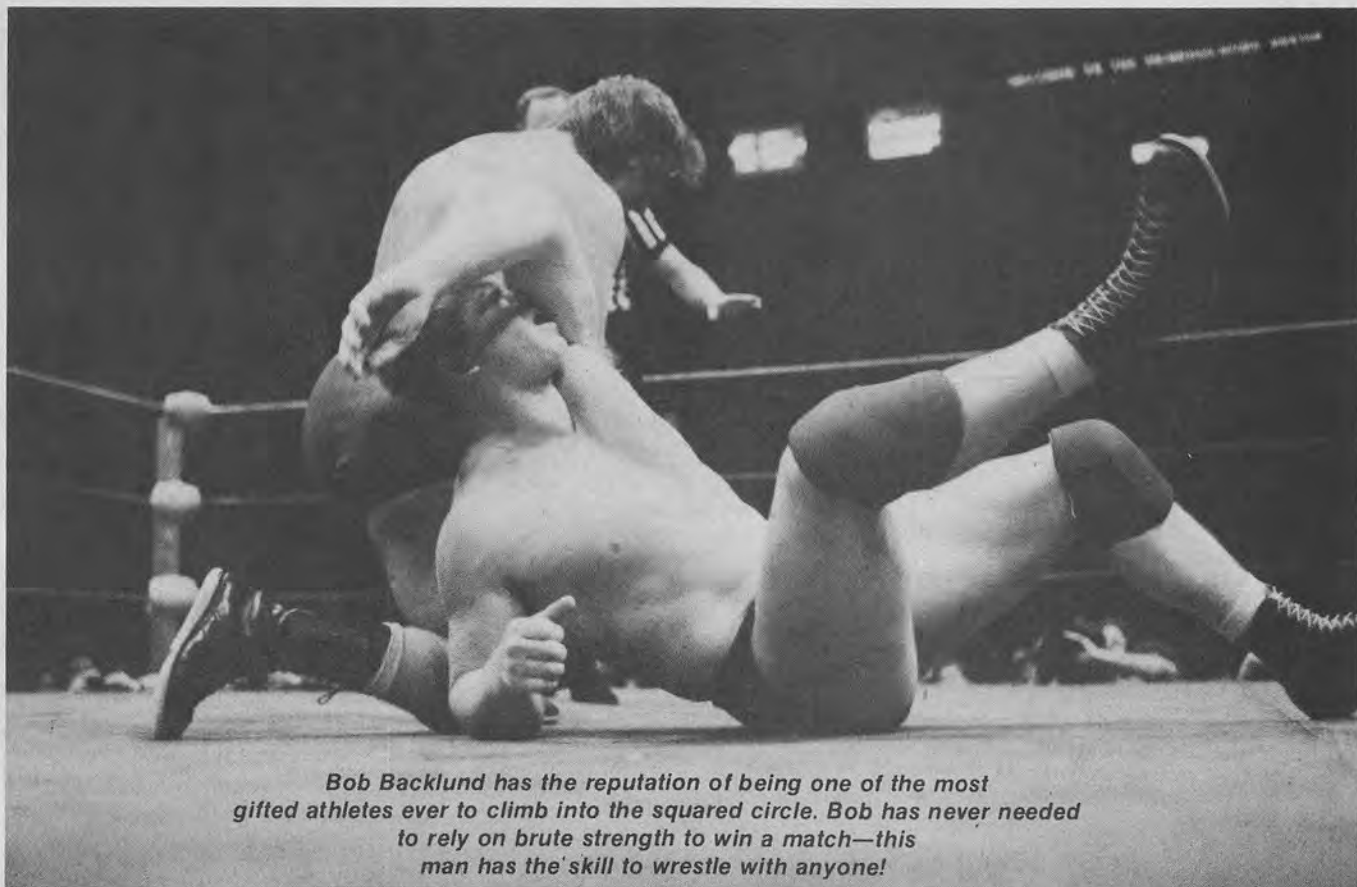
Bob had it all. And, what's more, he stayed right up there at the very top for no less than seventy astounding months.

This turned out to be a most exciting era indeed, early on in which nonchalant Easterners learned all sorts of amazing lessons about the bashful bumpkin with the funky catch to his voice who'd so suddenly taken the likes of none other than



*Backlund seen getting the best of Superstar Billy Graham.*





***Bob Backlund has the reputation of being one of the most gifted athletes ever to climb into the squared circle. Bob has never needed to rely on brute strength to win a match—this man has the skill to wrestle with anyone!***

Superstar Billy Graham to become their new Champ. They and the rest of the world soon recognized that when this particular farmer's son stepped into the squared circle, his was a stupendous grandeur so absolutely staggering he constantly caused even New York's most sophisticated fans to forsake their cool ways and take to dancing in the aisles.

Again and again, Bob brought down the house.

Believe it: Here was The Champ of champions, and this was a time of all times when the greatest grapplers on earth lined up to take a shot at what was just then becoming the mightiest title of all and at the man who wore it with such complete class.

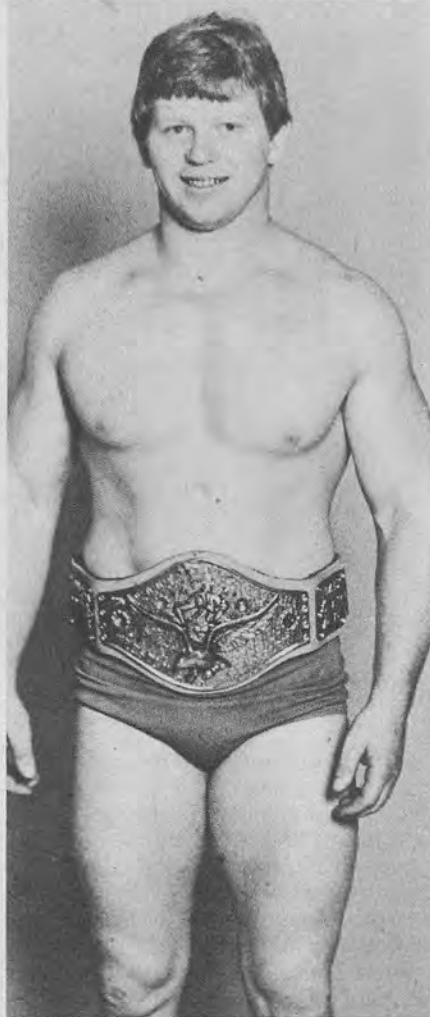
So, to the Federation they all came and, in turn, Backlund put every last one of them all the way down.

(By the way, the man who finally did take Bob's belt The Iron Sheik, as well as the current crown prince Hulk Hogan, also came knocking before.

(Bob pinned both.)

### **Met Every Challenge**

Then, in tireless pursuit of other genuine masters of the mat who couldn't or wouldn't come to him, The Champ scoured the country—the world!—until it could be said that he'd confronted and conquered all of the very best.



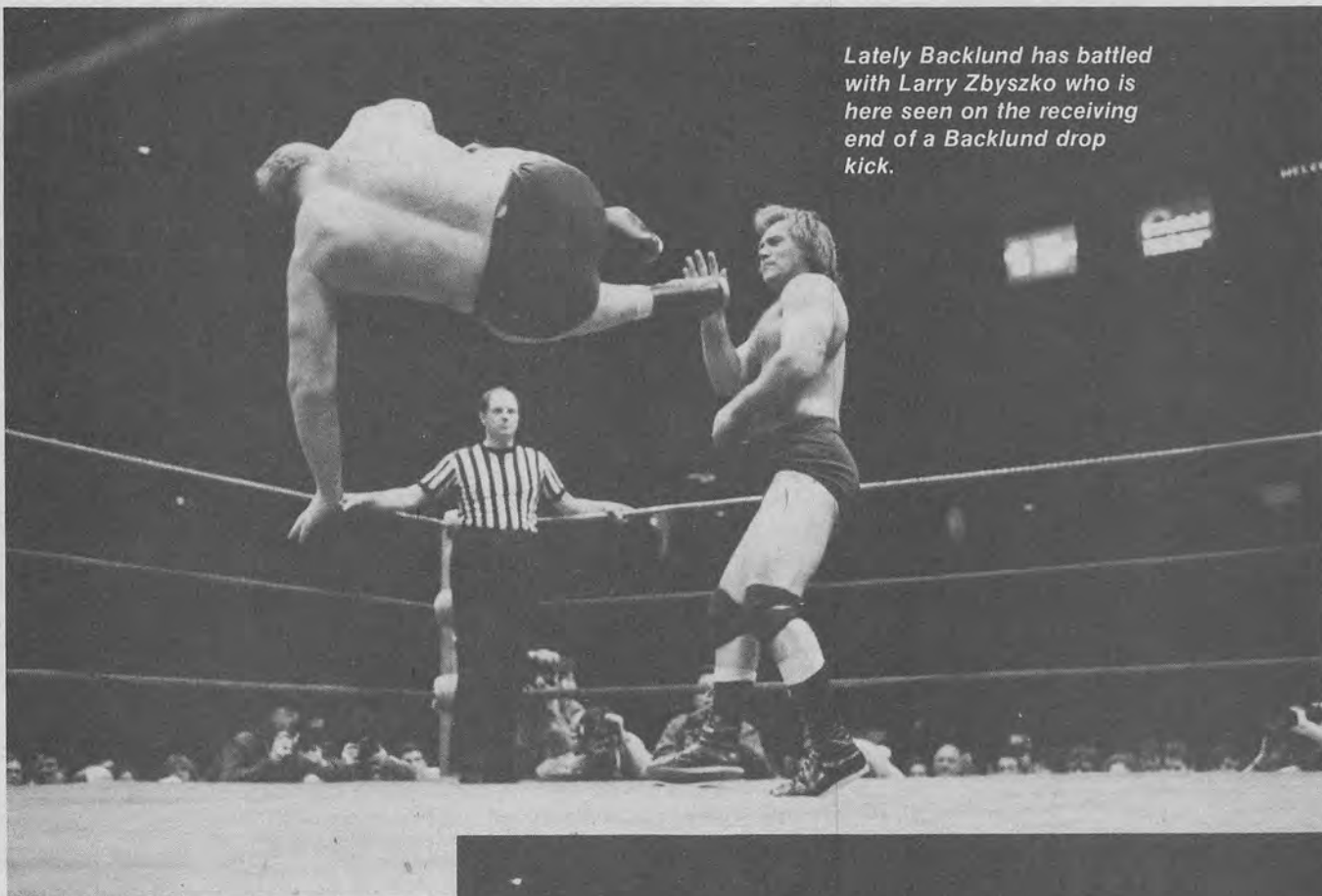
Here was one who fretted not at all that "over-exposing" himself to the fans might blow the glitz clear off a carefully concocted image or lead to the kind of familiarity that breeds notice of how the chap with the super rap seen on TV turns out to be naught but a mutt on the mat when caught in person.

Not this Champ! In fact, despite a refreshing shyness, Bob revels in keeping close to his fans and is just as constantly available to them as he was to defend the title against any and all who were up to taking his dare.

This he did because being The Champ meant a hell of a lot more to him than on-command displays of a devastating smile or an awesome ability at tossing around a tired crock of old bull in such a way it sounds like something new—a characteristic that often passes itself off as "charisma."

This was never Bob's way of doing things. So it was that having reached the magical place in his career where anyone else would have taken a deserved rest upon all those hard-won laurels, this Champ—who places absolutely no stock in whatever comes too easily—strove higher and harder than ever before.

On one point, it's hoped he didn't lose too much sleep because where Backlund was concerned, no one was about to make things any too easy. Just the opposite should be said in that the way it really stood, those who were

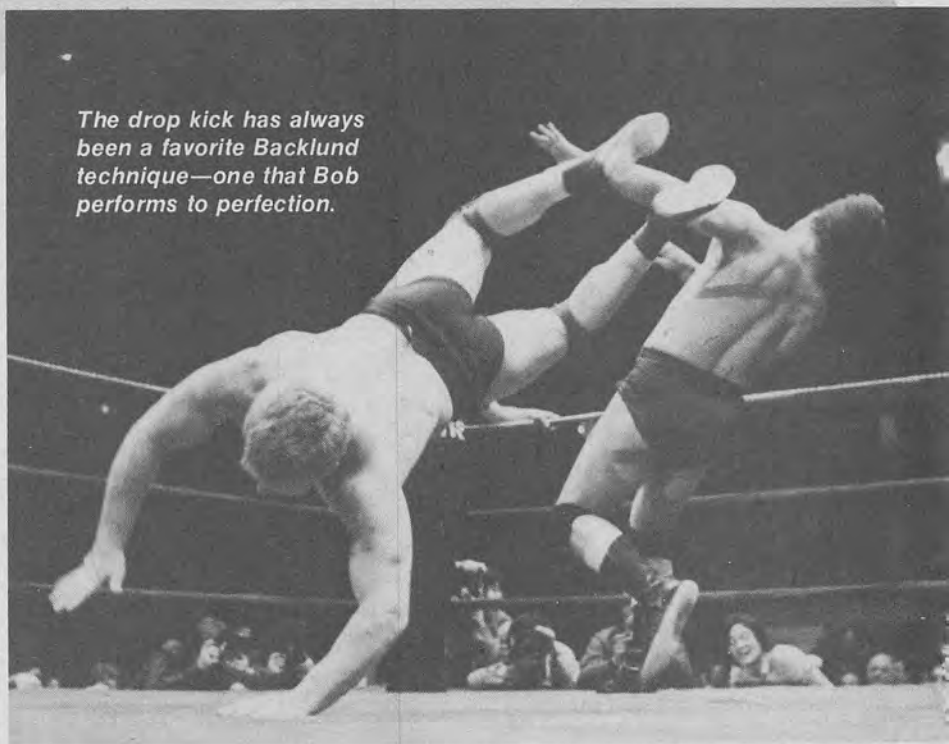


*Lately Backlund has battled with Larry Zbyszko who is here seen on the receiving end of a Backlund drop kick.*

supposed to be on his side seemed strangely disinclined to give their Champ so much as an even break: Enduring long, torturous tours from one side of the globe to the other and literally busting his butt until no one could deny that he alone had elevated the title to where it really was the most prestigious of all, Bob would limp back to his own territory. Though by then a figure whose rapturous wrestling and illustrious character had won him worldwide respect, it was right here at home that his feelings were battered far worse than was ever done to him in any arena by the simple, exasperating fact that on his home turf, Bob Backlund was relegated to playing a poor second to Bruno Sammartino.

### ***The Living Legend?***

Bruno!—that landed legend of ours whose wrestling skills were so honest-to-sweet-gee marvy, even the chief honchos at the Federation took to hoisting him high over the heads of all—especially their own Champion—as if they themselves now believed their own press and saw Sammartino as some sort of blasted sacred goat... AND YOU DO REMEMBER JUST HOW GREAT A WRESTLER BRUNO REALLY WAS...DON'T YOU?...Ah, yes, sucking the blessed toes of Bruno Sammartino became quite the fad and

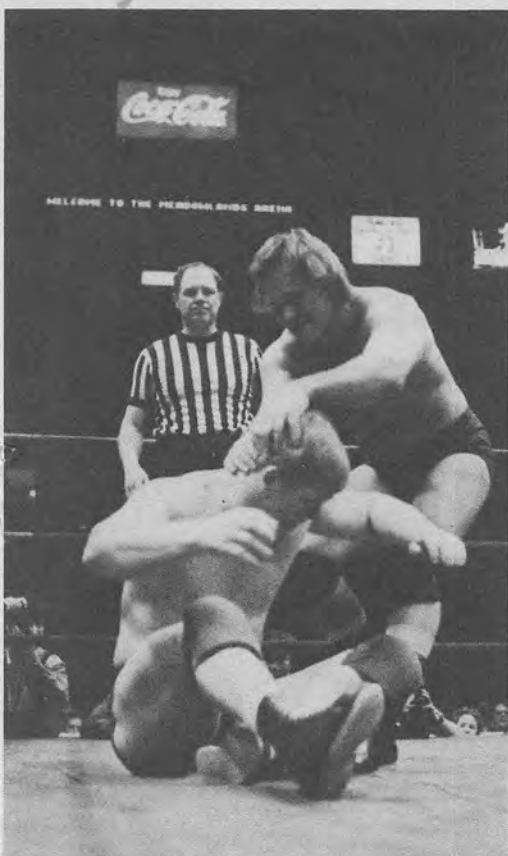


*The drop kick has always been a favorite Backlund technique—one that Bob performs to perfection.*

a phenomenon best compared to exchanging spit on the Blarney Stone: You're not at all sure why you're doing it but, what the hey, since everyone else is going all out, why should you be the one to make waves? (Speaking of fads, here's something for those who are taken with the latest craze of collecting all those luscious little tid-bits of totally useless trivia: Bruno Sammartino, the

Blarney Stone and something else we can think of but better not name all share the initials "B.S." Now, how 'bout that!)

Bob, however, was pushed well past the place where he was into creating loads of waves by way of repeated requests for just a single chance at meeting Bruno in the ring which would have put an end to all questions of



*Backlund's confrontations with Zbyszko have gained a certain notoriety—with Zbyszko's rulebreaking testing Backlund's superior skills.*

who's a real legend and who ain't.

This never came off. But not to worry: As cream will always rise to the top and sewer water eventually must find its own level, it was when the chips were down that we all learned most eloquently just who the better man is. Indeed, when the smoke cleared, only one was to walk away with his very manhood intact.

**In he charged. Kicking, stomping, even biting the whole of Bob's maimed side with a ruthlessness that vaulted the outer limits of belief. The Sheik was like some thing gone too berserk to be called human.**

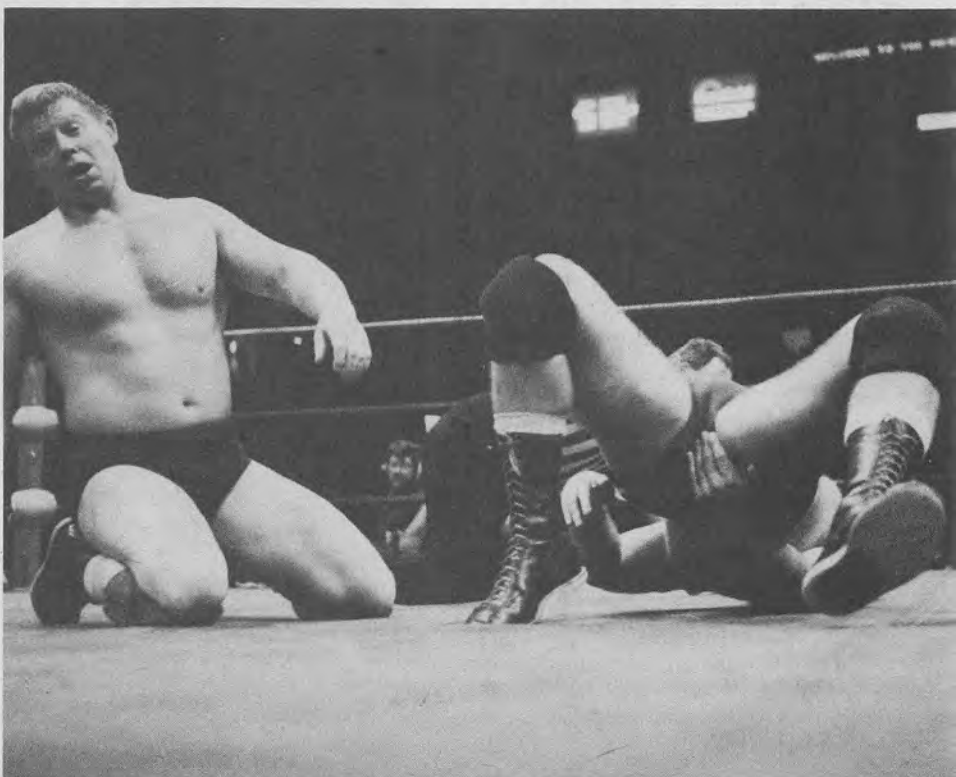
As if having to compete with a "legend," real or otherwise, wasn't enough, what really iced the cake was the full fusillade of further and inexplicable aggravation coming forth from the clique operating out of the Federation's p.r. offices. Whatever their reason, in their well- (or ill-) meant zeal, those people laid bare hands on Bob's farmboy background and painted him

the picture of a holier-than-thou, extremely annoying and thoroughly improbably twit. Complete with sheep-dip on the brain, slush where his innards should be, right up to the box of Cheerios they made you think he takes to his bed to while away the time not spent in the dreamless sleep that comes with being pure of heart, Back-

lund was forever depicted as having all the appetizing appeal as can be gotten up by a thirty year old terminally virtuous Ice Queen.

Nothing, but NOTHING, could be further from the truth.

In sunshine bright contrast, this Backlund guy is a robustly warm-blooded, loving and lovable dude







Above his natural abilities, beyond even the grueling program he imposed upon himself as a means of taking his talents to a perpetual state of the art perfection, what marks Bob to so many as a true Champion are all those other, richer qualities of his that let him stand just as tall outside the ropes as within.

### ***Spirit Of A Winner***

"First learn to be a Champ within yourself" is his basic credo and where it

whose very soul brims with an irrepressible belief in the goodness of all God's creatures.

Bob's own goodness is much more than just another made-up parcel belonging to a glorified public image and put on for company like an itchy pair of fancy underdrawers.

His is the real thing which he carries off with a generous grin as well as a tried and true desire to give real help to any and all who've made a wrong turn.

It is this tireless understanding Bob presents to all the troubled youngsters

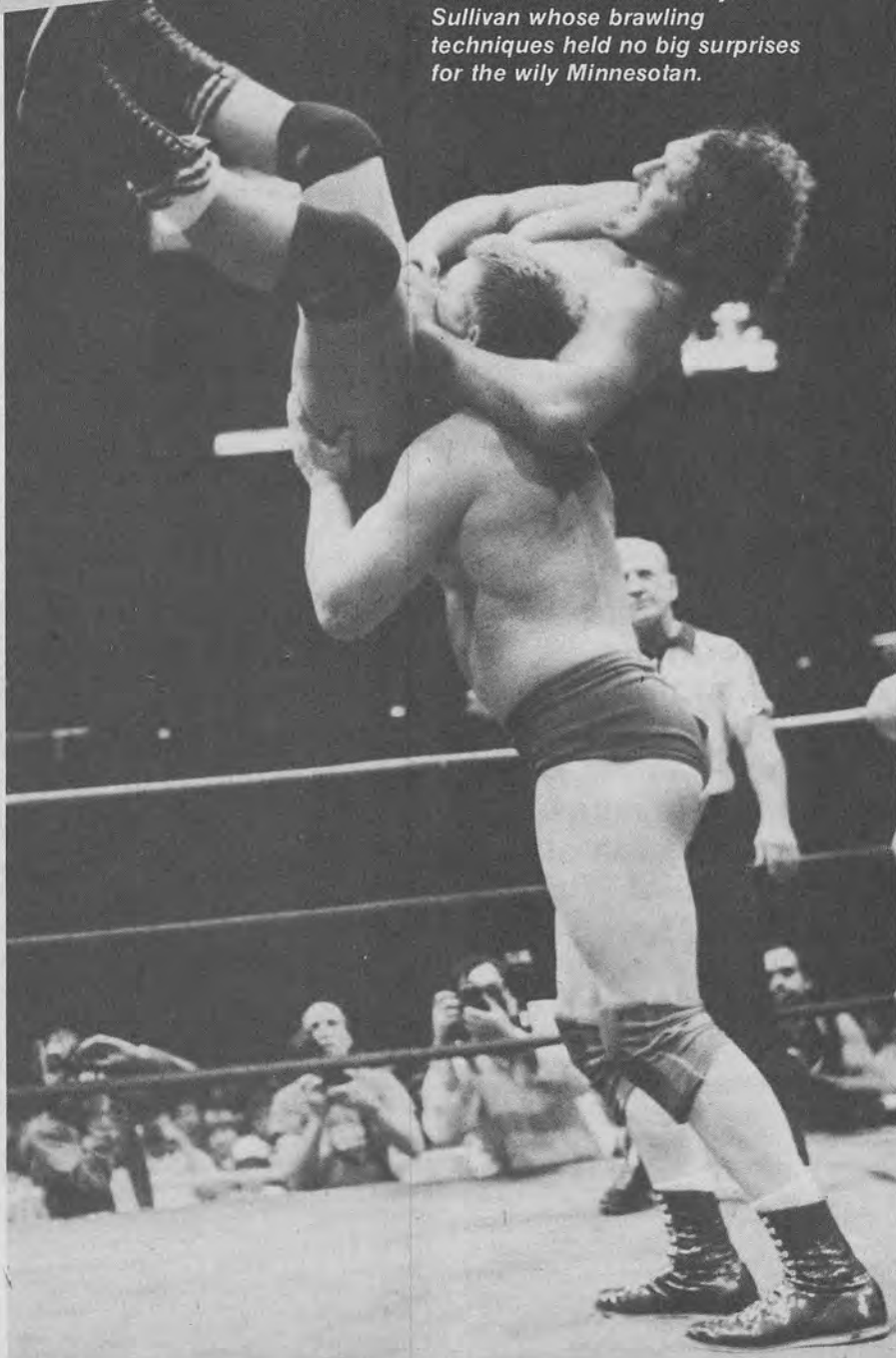
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**Wrestling is wrestling: clean guys grapple only with dirty. And vice versa. Rarely do you hear of two goodies taking on each other. Either you understand the sport or you don't.**

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who seek him out that comes as a big surprise only because never once in his own life did the man in question give way to even a single convenient compromise. By itself, such a statement would stand as the kind of left-handed tribute one would pay an insufferable Goody Two Shoes. But this, like everything else about young Mr. Backlund is gentled straight through by an on-target sense of humor and a funny kick-tail attitude that cause him to salute whatever smacks of tiny minded meanness and small hearted sleaze with a cheerfully resolute middle finger.

*Another foe who has tested Backlund as of late is Billy Sullivan whose brawling techniques held no big surprises for the wily Minnesotan.*





all began—a do or die philosophy that heartily embraces such food for the spirit as honor above all, keeping one's word no matter what and doing the

**The way a poor, wounded creature staggers before it falls down to die, Bob swayed. Then, taking a last loving look at his fans, The Champion slipped to the mat.**

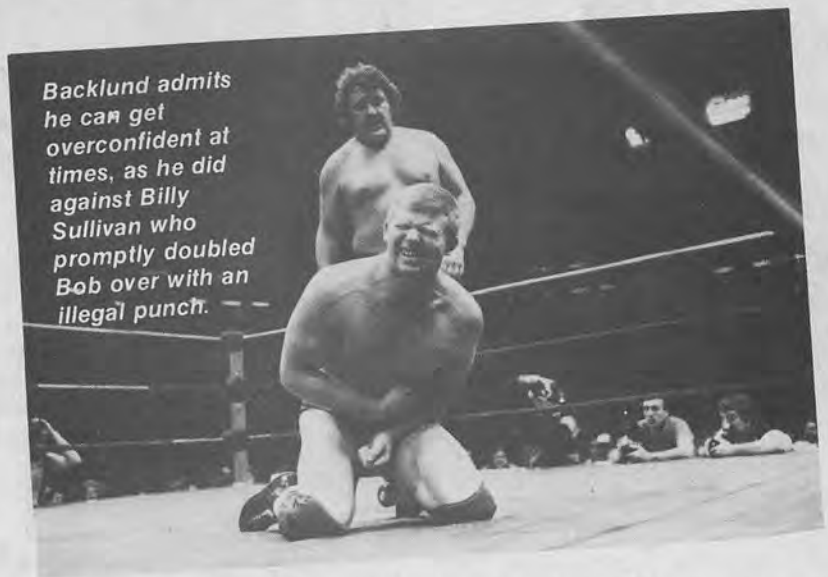
right thing no matter the cost... though the price he eventually paid scaled the millions.

But Bob doesn't mind. After all, he is the living personification of the once mythical man who conquered the world and did it all without losing his own soul.

It came to where The Champ's stature as a person was equalled by nothing save his brilliant prowess within his chosen profession.

Add to Superstar Billy, The sheik and Hogan such names as the incredible Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka... Don Muraco... Greg "The Hammer" Valentine

*Backlund admits he can get overconfident at times, as he did against Billy Sullivan who promptly doubled Bob over with an illegal punch.*



...Adrian Adonis...Harley Race...Ken Patera...Kevin Sullivan...Crusher Blackwell...George "The Animal" Steele...Peter Maivia...Saito...Fuji...Inoki...Bruno's bad boy Larry Zbyszko...Ernie Ladd...Bulldog Brower...MoonDog Rex...MoonDog Spot...MoonDog King...Angie Mosca...Stan Stasiak...Stan Hansen...Swede Hanson...Cowboys Bob Duncum and Orton...The Masked Superstar...The Hangman...Roddy Piper...Spiros Arion...Pat Patterson...Mike Sharpe...Sgt. Slaughter...The Samoans 1, 2 and 3...Big John Studd...Ivan Koloff...Killer Khan...Playboy Buddy Rose...The list goes on and on, reading like

a Who's Who in pro wrestling. Bob Backlund confronted each and every last one of these men. And always—Always!—our Champ came up the winner.

Then the Ayatollah Blassie as he now wants to be called brought back The Sheik.

The two had met on many earlier occasions and, like all the others before him, Blassie's robed horror found there just seemed to be no getting over on this scrappy, American-made Champ of ours.

But this time around was to tell a much different story.

The way it all came down was that on the eve of his scheduled bout with The Sheik, Bob had suffered terrible injury to all the nerves in his right arm. Despite what had to be excruciating pain and the probability that further shock to that limb would lead to permanent paralysis, Backlund stubbornly—perhaps foolishly—refused to leave this single commitment even temporarily unfulfilled.

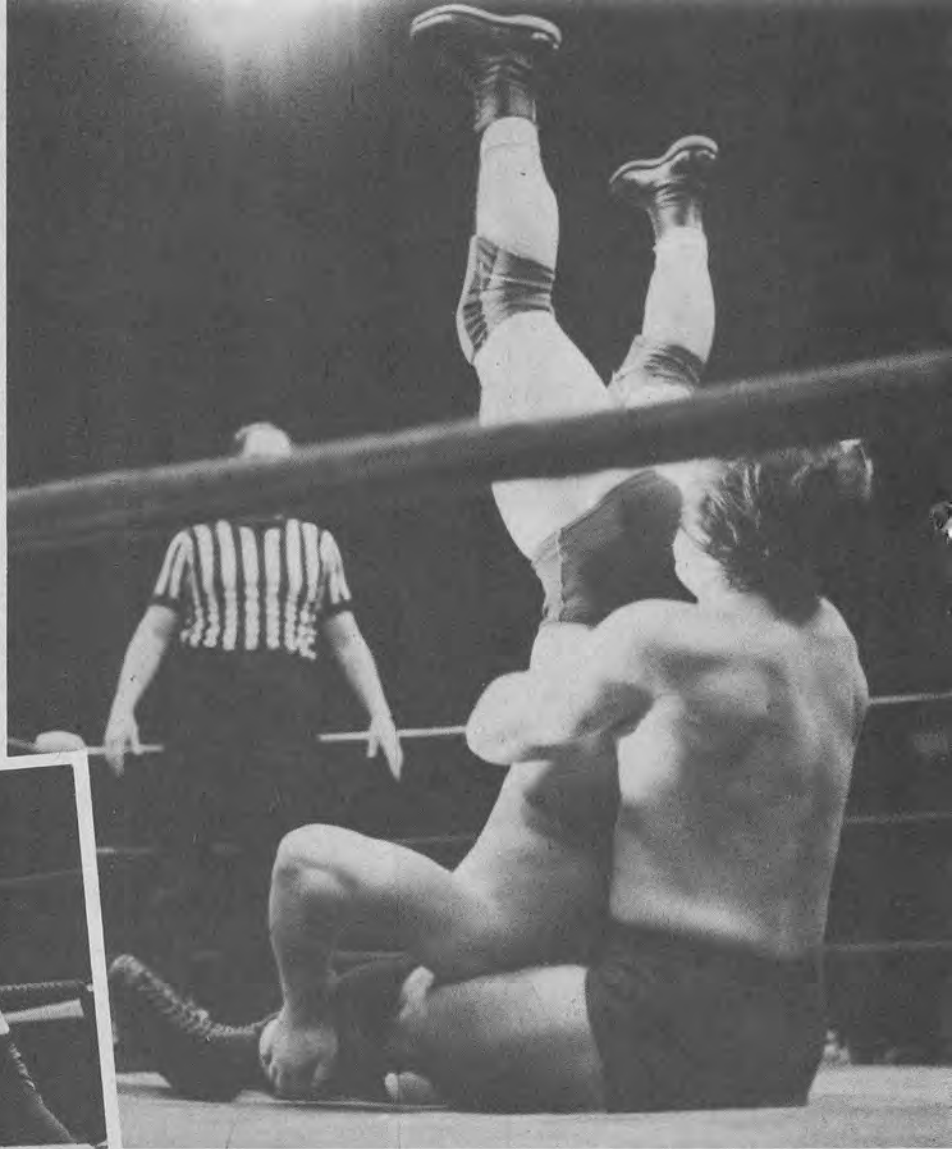
### **Showdown With The Sheik**

So, to Madison Square Garden he went, where it must be assumed the

doctor in attendance spent the whole of that night in some sort of profound coma. That Bob was in a bad way and totally unfit to enter the ring was hideously obvious to even the youngest child present.

As the scent of a prey's blood makes certain rabid animals all the more vicious, The Sheik sensed Bob's wounds and continuously tortured our brave Champ's arm so that the injuries sustained only the night before were multiplied many times over during the long minutes of that ordeal in The Garden.

Nevertheless, The Champ gave the man from Iran the fight of his life.



*Looming on the horizon for Backlund is the image of David Sammartino—son of the so-called Living Legend of Professional Wrestling. Some say a match between Backlund and young Sammartino—with Backlund's inevitable victory—would provoke Bruno into coming out of retirement so the matter could be settled once and for all as to who is wrestling's true living legend—Sammartino or Backlund?*

Well into the match, The Sheik attempted to set Backlund up for a brutal double-arm suplex. He could not do it. Somehow and with an unquenchable instinct for survival that had to come from some secret part of his spirit, The Champ stood tough. Then Bob reversed and Blassie's man was volleyed high above the mat and down in a perfect sidewinder.

Yet, that here rang in the beginning of the end was felt throughout Madison Square as just this exhibition of good old American pluck drove the foreigner wild with remembered and renewed frustration.

In he charged. Kicking, stomping, even biting the whole of Bob's maimed

side with a ruthlessness that vaulted the outer limits of belief, The Sheik was like some thing gone too berserk to be called human.

The point of no return was reached when the agony of his injuries, added to the furor of the battle, robbed Backlund of the last of his strength so that sheer determination and that superb courage of his were all that kept him standing.

Finally, even these were gone.

The way a poor, wounded creature staggers before it falls down to die, Bob swayed. Then, taking a last loving look at his fans, The Champion slipped to the mat.

In for the kill, The Sheik clamped

huge mitts around the jaw of this, his most invincible adversary ever, while his camel's clutch began doing its ghastly job. The so-called camel's clutch is a potentially deadly maneuver that's something like a surfboard but done while the perpetrator squats over his prone opponent and locks hands at the throat area so that lethal pressure is exerted upon its victim's neck.

Time stood still while The Sheik was now so close to ripping Backlund's head from its torso, as he further abused the grotesquely swollen arm with kicks from a steel-horned boot that had Bob gasping in pain.

But through it all, ever the real man and true Champ he is, Backlund would



not submit.

People screamed. A man fainted. Children cried. So did quite a few adults. Meanwhile, officials gathered around the ring to hurl curses at the ref who must have been afflicted with the same coma that had felled the good doctor (Or was it a bottle the two shared?), as he remained deaf to all pleas that this horrifying debacle be halted before it was too late.

On and on the monster known as The Sheik went, closer still to breaking the titleholder's neck until you thought you were watching a murder about which there was nothing anybody could do.

It was here that Bob's buddy and manager Arnold Skaaland entered the

So, while he is a renowned Commie-lover and camel-humper from way back, The Sheik is also possessed of a wrestling ability so astounding it was he who, among so many improbable feats, put laughter into the grim name of Sgt. Slaughter and turned that leatherneck all the way around. If Bob had to fall, we should rejoice it was to this colossally gifted grappler.

Because trouble is a coward, it travels in packs.

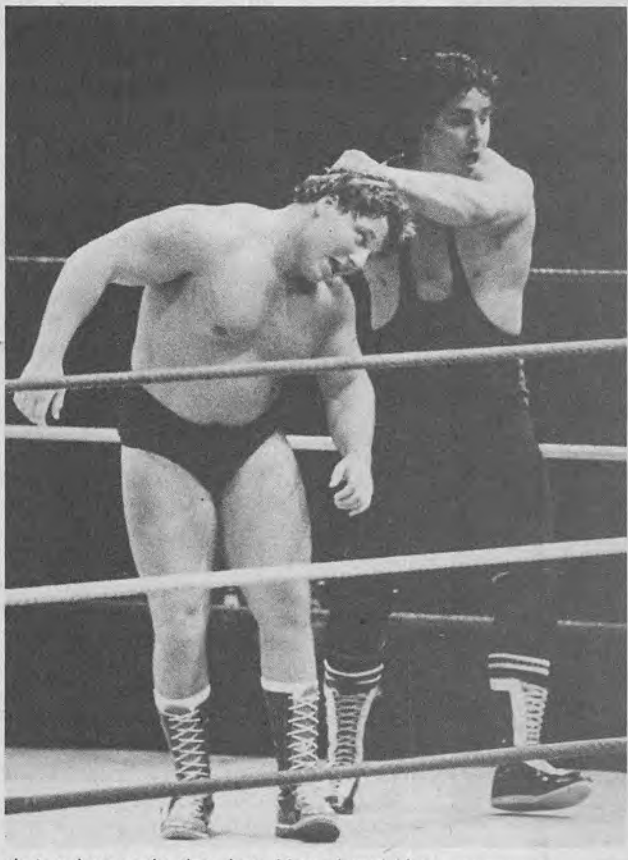
It was during Bob's rough recuperation and before he was well enough to demand a re-match that Hulk Hogan came along and took out The Sheik

which of course meant that for Backlund to reclaim the belt, he'd now have to put down this latest champion.

And therein lay the rub.

Wrestling is wrestling: Clean guys grapple only with dirty. And vice versa. Rarely do you hear of two goodies taking on each other. Either you understand the sport or you don't.

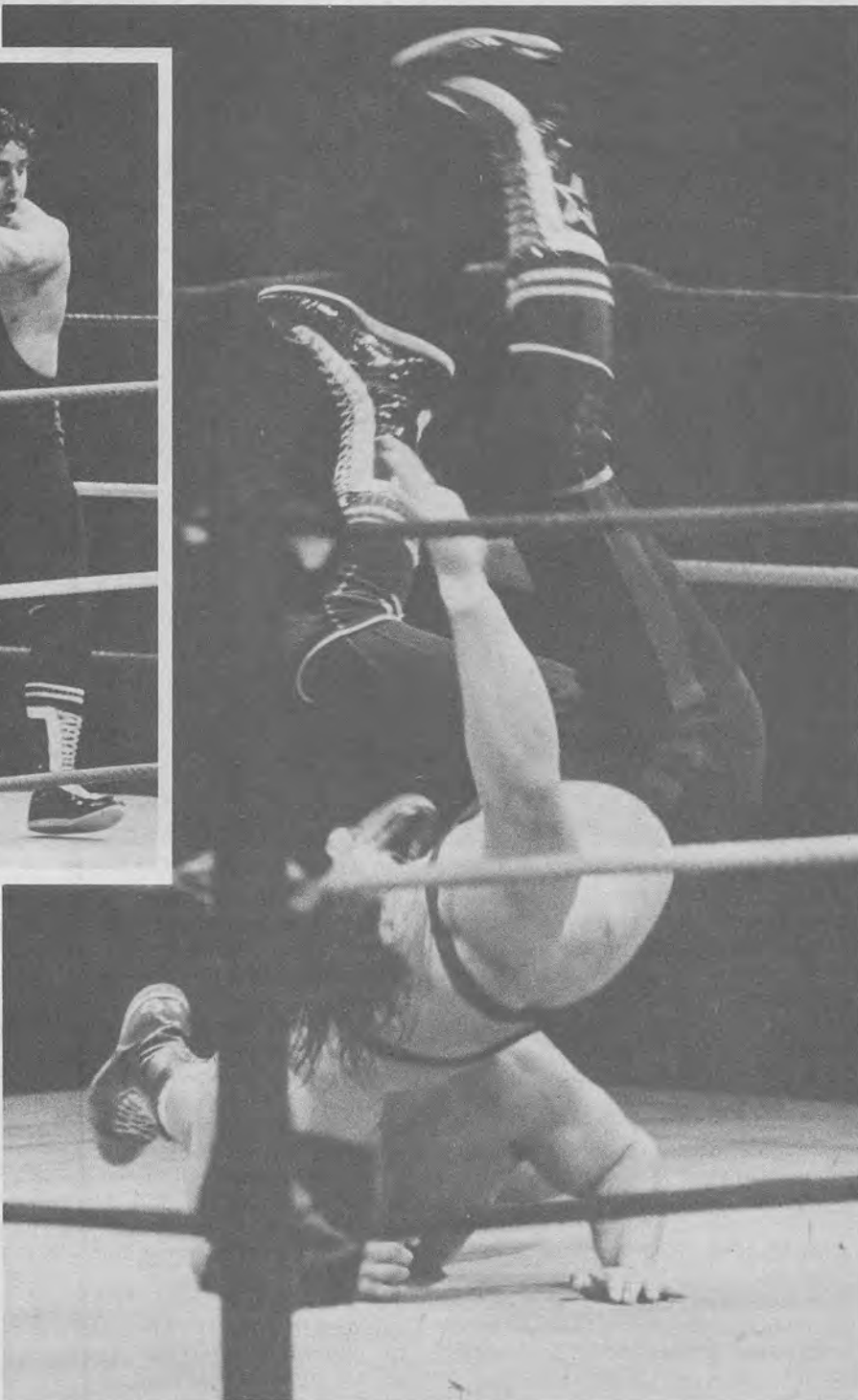
Anyway, nevermind lots of other things that could be said, the crux of all that happened next seemed to be that The Hulkster promptly proved himself to be the hugest money-maker ever known to the sport and, just in case you were wondering, bringing in the bread



riot going on in the ring. You should be told that while he may not be good show business, Arnie is as fine a man and manager as you could hope to have in your corner, who feels a genuine affection for The Champ he called simply "My kid." Although it meant that this "hot property" of his would no longer have a belt to call his own, Skaaland could never be the kind of person to stand dumbly by and allow a friend to continue in a pursuit so totally self-defeating...not when the risk to be reckoned with concerned life-long disability or even death.

Albeit with actual tears in his eyes, Arnold Skaaland threw in the towel.

It is hoped that sane people the world over have learned something from the disgrace now tradition with The Olympics: Sports and politics do not mix.





*Perhaps the one bad match in Bob's career was against Big John Studd.*

is the name of this game as it is with any sane enterprise. Needless to say, McMahon was understandably reluctant to screw around with Hogan's good-boy image by permitting him to do battle with a devout nice guy like Backlund... especially since, as everyone on the inside knows, Bob Backlund could (and often did) hold Hogan for the three-count any day of the week and twice again on Sunday, which would bring about an abrupt end to the big bucks being brought in by all those fanatical Hulkamaniacs—the very last thing McMahon wanted.

So, fair or not fair, he made an offer he knew Backlund would refuse: Okay, said Vince, a match between the former and present champs could be arranged alright...but only if Bob would turn dirty.

Stick it in your ear, replied Bobby... or words to that effect...and so was shoved the first foot to the groin in what turned out to be the decade's hottest hoe-down.

It is not the way of this magazine to jump on handy bandwagons, so if it's tales you want, eagerly recounting all of Vinnie's alleged atrocities against God, country, apply pie, and Mom, you'll just have to look elsewhere.

But to truthfully tell the whole story where it relates to the McMahon-Backlund brouhaha, there are two items of interest which should and will be noted:

1. Vince blew it.

Forget that the W.W.F.'s trashing of the guy who'd been its champ for a good number of years bespeaks a cold heart, no conscience and even less

class. After all, business is business, or so they say, and making the smart moves is where it's all at, while such moral niceties as loyalty to old friends must be sacrificed on the stone altar of the almighty dollar—an attitude almost as bright as spitting into the wind.

What should instead be recalled is that ours is an enterprise whose best customers are the youngsters. At whom but kids do you think they're aiming such commodities as cartoons, trading cards and dolls? (As for those dolls—well, here we have another tale for a long winter's night which, just as soon as our lawyer says it's okay, we'll be telling you all about.) Since the wee ones do count so highly in this crapshot, it's amazing that the World Wrestling Federation's own Boy Wonder failed to recognize how in ousting Bob Backlund whose rapport with kids is nearly magical, the promotion lost itself a priceless bit of p.r.. Oh yeah, Mr. McMahon blew it bad.

2. Another matter worth talking about is that Vince is known to pay his people the kind of salaries—fortunes, actually—which could make just about anyone else alive stroll the aisles of The Garden on his hands and knees, wearing nothing but a big smile, and still be lovin' every minute of it.

**BUT BOB COULD NOT BE BOUGHT.**

Think on it for a while: This Champ turned his back on the kind of money most of us only dream about. He walked away from the place in which he'd invested everything he had to enter the company of comparative strangers, where he was obliged to start all over. And he did it just because he would not bring dishonor upon his own name any more than he'd vomit disrespect on his fans.

Now think about it again.

And while you're at it, there happens to be a certain, crappy little nugget that also deserves pondering: Right before all this came down on Bob, Bruno Sammartino had set a precedent and shown how to best get over on any pouts one may get into with McMahon & Co. For it was on the heels of a snit between Sammartino and the Federation that the rest of us had cringed before our TV's in mortal embarrassment while the "legend" himself—and for such a small price—took to the airwaves and proceeded to shamelessly wet himself with tears meant to both bite the hand and bring about the wholesale destruction of the sport that had fed him for so long and so damn well at that.

Look, those who see Bruno as the greatest thing since pepperoni on pizza so outnumber the few of us who recognize him as the treacherous poop he is that we wouldn't think of ques-



**Bob's true-blue wrestling style has won him the undying affection of millions of wrestling fans. What they all want is a no-BS showdown between Backlund and Hulk Hogan. Will the powers-that-be ever allow such a one-side farce?!**

tioning the man's wrestling ability. (Would we?)—No, what makes us want to puke is that Sammartino sucked the sport dry; then, after he'd taken it all, instead of thanking his fans, his profession and his Maker for all he'd been given and just maybe spending some of his golden years helping those who aren't fortunate enough to have everything handed to them on a silver platter, Bruno chose instead to thrust a knife into all our backs. And he twisted that knife.

This sewer did, however, have its silver lining—not for wrestling, of course; just for Bruno—because, in an obvious effort to make him shut up (and we are disappointed that a man such as Vince could be brought to his knees by something so small and cowardly as blackmail), McMahon didn't just re-hire Sammartino but brought in Bruno Jr. as well (no hard, hungry days for this legend's son!). So it is that Sammartino not only was given all he'd whined for and then some but this parasite, whose single legendary quality turns out to be his utter contempt for the very people who put him on top, had his faith in the abiding stupidity of those fans completely stifled. Unreal as it seems, Sammar-

tino was welcomed back with open arms where, to this day, he is slobbered over by gaggles of goo-goo-eyed jerks who've mindlessly forgotten his disgraceful deeds.

Seeing all this, had Backlund followed Bruno's lead and sold-out the sport that had dealt him such a dirty deal, nobody would have blamed him too much.

But, again and of course, this is not Bob's way of doing things.

Even though this is "only wrestling," you good people have a right to as much truth as you deep-down want to hear. With the W.W.F. being as powerful as it is, you best believe that the person writing this to you is in for the hassle of her life, but if that's the price which must be paid in order to tell you all this, it's well worth whatever horrendous fate will now befall this scribbler of words. We ask for only your understanding that what you are now reading is not a yarn being spun by a couple of hotshot public relations artists working for one promotion or another, but is an honest accounting of events as they actually occurred. Bob Backlund really and truly put his economic and professional future—his every earned dream—his very life—on

the line only because he could not bear to betray any of us—the kids especially—but wanted to give every one living out his or her life in these troubled times of ours a man in whom we can believe.

Bob Backlund is the one real hero we have. Treat him well.

## **The Champ**

Half a year or so back, Bobby entered the International World Wrestling Association, where the spectacular competition suits him fine. Just like before, our boy always—Always!—comes up the winner, and has recently taken the promotion's People's Heavyweight Championship title.

So, Backlund has come full circle and is again The Champ, which is just as it should be.

Yet, he has it in his power to do something finer still. A great wrestler is a great wrestler and, in the end, which belt he wore or how long he held onto it hardly matters.

But the children of our world do matter, and we hope with all our hearts that, wherever his career now takes him, Bob will continue to find time for these youngsters who are so badly in need of a legend genuinely worthy of the name, to whom they can look up and maybe even listen once in awhile.

Whether they're sick, mixed-up or just some very nice kids who want to learn to wrestle, The Champ loves them all, while they instinctively adore him and always come away feeling a whole lot better about themselves as well as the world that will soon be theirs.

The reason for this must have something to do with the fact that to know Bob is to learn a wonderful lesson in such forgotten ideals as courage, self respect and true humanity, a lesson which all children need to hear at least once so that they will forever have something splendid to remember. There really is a man who cared so much and loved so well that he turned his back on the jeweled crown of the sportsworld's richest kingdom just to give the youngsters a person worth emulating and a reason for striving towards somethings far better than the drugs and dirty deeds of their elders.

With or without an official wrestling title, Bob Backlund is the truest and very best Champ who ever was.

And this is one reign we, his grateful fans, will never allow to end.

P.S. If you'd like Bob to speak to your group or want to enroll in his wrestling school, you may address your letters to:

THE CHAMP  
P.O. Box 973  
Glastonbury, CT 06033



# BOB BACKLUND

(Continued from page 63)

During a recent tour through Kuwait, Shultz humiliated that country's champion, a mountainous fellow named Diamond Jim Brady. Brady then followed Shultz back to the States, much as Shultz once followed Hulk Hogan into the WWF, and their battle has continued in much the same manner it was first waged overseas, with Shultz dominating every contest. Similarly, Dr. D has battled the mammoth Marine Mike Moore, who stands 6'6" tall and weighs in at 340 pounds of solid muscle. Shultz expresses great respect for Moore's ability, power, and competitive spirit, and believes that the newcomer may become one of the preeminent grappling stars of the next few years with the proper training and guidance.

## Popular On Radio

Shultz has been quite active *outside* the ring, as well, making numerous personal appearances and working on several new promotional projects which he has promised to unveil shortly for readers of *Championship Wrestling* magazine. He appeared on WHDH radio's SportsTalk program in Boston, setting an all time record for call-ins. In the past, with guests from the worlds of pro baseball, football, basketball, and hockey, as well as wrestlers Roddy Piper and Captain Lou Albano, WHDH had never received more than 1,000 calls per hour. With Shultz on the airwaves, WHDH received 6,000 calls within the first hour and 14,000 during the entire show. In addition, David has been a guest on many TV talk shows and news programs, and has received offers to appear at some point in the near future on WAGM-TV in Presque, Maine and the David Greene Sunday night SportsTalk program in Portland, Maine.

Thanks to Cat Enterprises, which promotes rodeos, concerts, and professional wrestling, David Shultz may soon be meeting longtime national rodeo champion Walt Garrison in a special challenge contest to determine which man can take a stampeding bull down to the ground more swiftly. While Garrison has etched out a very successful career with this particular stunt, Shultz has never before attempted such a task. Rodeo organizers have warned Dr. D that any inexperienced layman who participates in this dangerous activity runs the risk of losing his life. In reply, Shultz has

*Dr. D posing with his favorite wrestling scribe—Mighty Mike Kimmel.*

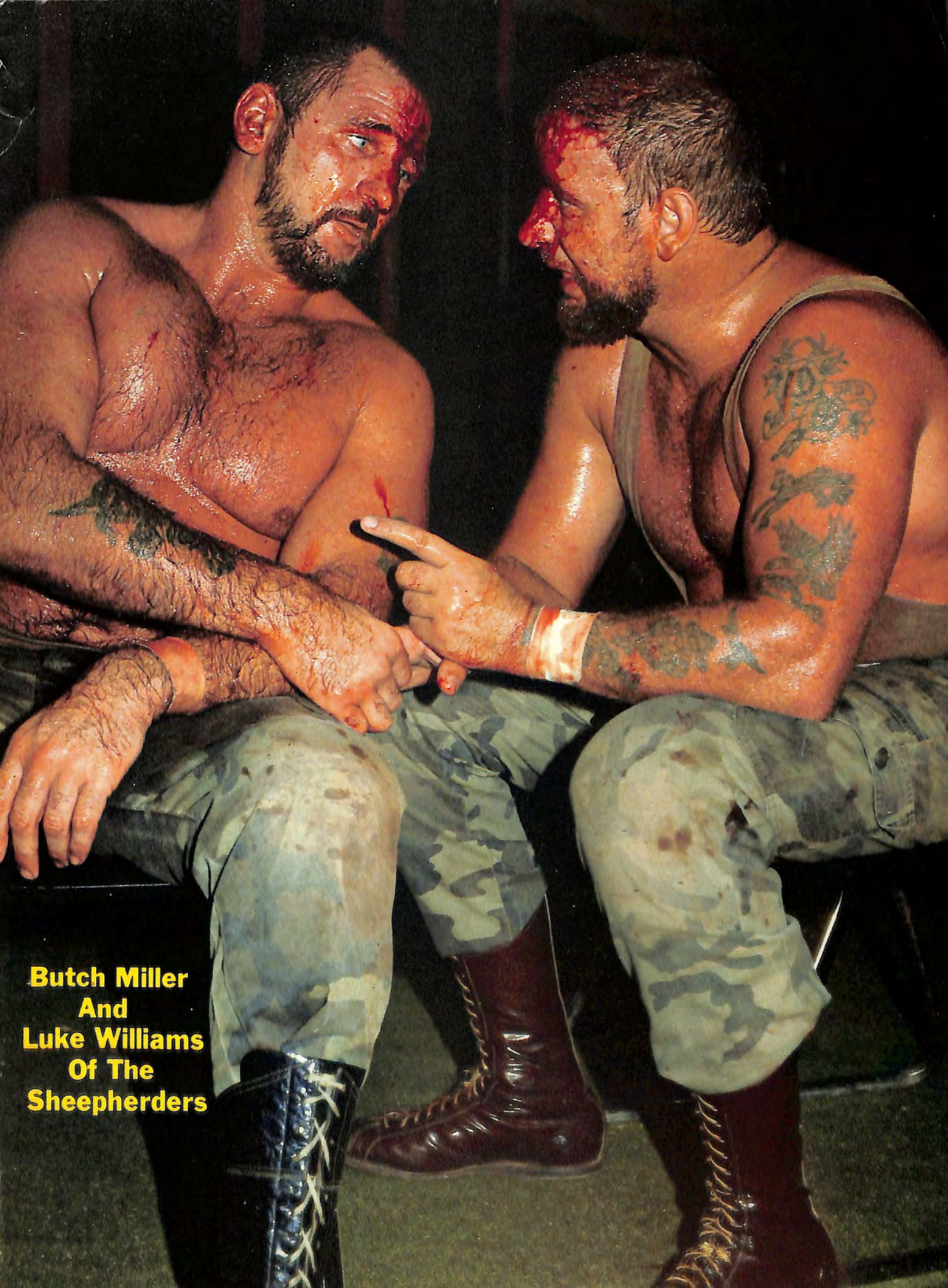


stated flatly that he can match and surpass any of Garrison's fabled abilities, and has even suggested that each man put up \$25,000 of his own money to help "sweeten the deal" with a winner take all stipulation.

David Shultz has demonstrated time and again, then, through the past year that he is the master of his own destiny and will not tolerate having his career course dictated to him by others. Predictably, however, he has been dealt more than his usual share of friction and ill will along the way. While departing for an extended tour of the Middle East in mid-August, for example, Shultz was challenged outright by 6 top name wrestlers who threatened to join together and give him the veritable beating of his life. When Shultz stood up from his seat aboard the Royal Jordanian Airlines jet (flight 268 to Amman, Jordan—Aug. 17, 1985) and

readily agreed to meet their unsportsmanlike challenge, he was hastily set upon by no less than 30 fully armed police officers. All this occurred, of course, before the place had even departed from New York's Kennedy airport. Shultz was forcibly removed from the plane and coerced into taking a later flight under threat of arrest. If this "special treatment," which seems to typically be reserved for "Dr. D" David Shultz, appears excessively harsh, it must be noted that extreme measures along these lines are generally considered necessary against a man of Shultz's ability and dangerous reputation. Necessary, but certainly not sufficient. Shultz is his own man, above all else, and will continue to "write his own ticket" within the world of professional wrestling, or any other world in which he may choose to participate.





**Butch Miller  
And  
Luke Williams  
Of The  
Sheepherders**



**Ivan Koloff & Khrusher Khruschev**

